

THE
MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVII.

FEBRUARY, 1862.

No. 2.

WORDS OF FAITH AND HOPE CONCERNING
THINGS WHICH REMAIN.

"Good fortune will elevate even petty minds, and gives them the appearance of a certain greatness and stateliness, as from their high place they look down upon the world; but the truly noble and resolved spirit raises itself, and becomes more conspicuous in times of disaster and ill fortune."—PLUTARCH, *Life of Eumenes*.

"Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."—THE LORD JESUS CHRIST.

SOMETIMES we are exhorted in a rather hopeless tone to strengthen the things which remain and yet are on the point of perishing, and the exhortation is applied to some superannuated institutions, or waning opinions and usages which are doomed to death past reprieve. Whatever strength we seek to impart for this purpose is so much taken from our own vigor. Let everything die that ought to die. There are hands too cold to be warmed again by yours or mine. We cannot spend our days, which are so few, in trying to persuade men and women to go where there is nothing to go for, to repeat formalities which are only formalities, and to be content with the old issues when the times have opened new. It is a large part of wisdom, certainly of Christian wisdom, to be able to distinguish between things temporal and things eternal, and to be so persuaded of everlasting verities and everlasting realities that we can look, if not

without regrets, yet without fear and sadness, upon the passing fashions and the fading forms of the world.

Death and life ever divide the scene, but there is a Heart of hearts that death cannot invade. Every treasure, no matter how precious, comes to us in an earthen vessel, and some day earth will claim its own; but the treasure remains, and what you have surrendered shall in due time be made good to you, and more. Let us speak then of the living and the immortal, of certainties here and hereafter, of things about which we have no call to be anxious.

1. And, first, there is the great and blessed Future which surely awaits the Church of Christ. We hear sometimes about the decay of religion, even of the Christian religion. Believe nothing of the sort. The thing is impossible. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but religion will never die out of man's heart, or fail to gain some adequate expression in man's life. In this matter, as is very natural, perhaps, we are continually distressing ourselves about unimportant accidents, and mistaking mere surface sounds for the crack of doom, and even vexed when men and women are too much in earnest to be interested in things which have become obsolete, and perhaps were always trivial. It may be a question whether a denomination shall increase or decrease; whether the fortunes of a given religious society shall wax or wane; whether the same worshippers shall be gathered in the same place; but it is not a question whether He who was lifted up from the earth will now, as of old, draw all men unto Him. The law of Christ's influence is fatal, like the law of gravity. As the sun holds the planets, so he binds in strong bands of love the souls which are his. I look beneath this and the other religious organization, I refuse to be either disheartened or comforted by statistics, I accept neither the applause of a shallow enthusiasm nor the hesitancy of the cautious and doubtful as final, for this one thing I know, that the heart's sympathy with Christ, out of which Christian confession and Christian obedience are sure to proceed, will

never fail. You and I may refuse the offered kingdom, but there will be others who will not refuse it. A religion immortal like the Gospel must pass from time to time into new forms, each better adapted than that which went before to manifest the great Life. Now they who are led by the Spirit cover the world with magnificent cathedrals, and adorn them with the wonders of Christian art, and now they leave the houses of stone, and turn away from the sweet faces of saints and angels, and seek for living temples of God which have fallen into ruin and have become the abodes of spirits unclean and evil. By old ways and by new ways we are all coming to the one Way of all others, and that is Christ. If we think more of his glory than of our own glory, we shall find much to encourage us in our religious times, for it becomes more and more plain that his transcendent personality is the living centre without which there would be no Christendom any more. Our liberal Christian connection exists to witness for the sufficiency of Christ, as he enlightens, comforts, and guides us through the Spirit; and when this great fundamental Christian verity shall once have been thoroughly allowed, no matter whether it be in fifty years or five hundred, our mission will have been accomplished, and dissent and protest so far as we are concerned no longer necessary, and, thank God! there will be one sect less in Christendom. Why should we be so anxious, as some are, about the future of the Church? Have you never read the story of Christ? Do you fear that the world will have no ear and no heart any more for that? Do you tell me of superstition, bigotry, hypocrisy, on the one hand, of growing worldliness on the other hand? Be it so; but have you not heard the philosophers say that antagonism is the occasion of true and useful activity, — that, “could you take away strife and opposition out of the universe, all the heavenly bodies would stand still, and generation and motion cease in the mutual concord and agreement of all things”? — and have you not pondered the steady tradition of the Church from Paul’s day to this, that

Antichrist must ever go before the Lord's Second Coming? From every grand onward movement there will be a falling away; but still the step is forward, and the face of man is turned toward the land of promise. Christianity lives a succession of lives, and seems at least to die a succession of deaths; but we know that Christ and his Church can only grow fairer and stronger. I believe that our race, if not we ourselves, shall outlive all that is confusing and saddening in the doctrines and institutions which are called Christian, and that in proportion as science and civilization make true progress they will utter the wisdom and embody the ideas of the everlasting Gospel.

2. Again, passing from the Church to the State, from the kingdom which is not from hence to a land of rulers, and, alas! of armies and navies,—from the spiritual and moral communities which flourish and multiply themselves in war, or in peace, under all forms of government, the worst as well as the best, neither hindered by persecution nor helped by patronage, to the commonwealth, the country of our fathers, the national heritage of our children,—let me still set forth words of faith and hope. I cannot undertake with many to say what is to be the issue of our great conflict, or whether it is to be a strife of months or of years; I cannot hold any but a suspended judgment even upon points which to many seem vital, and about which, as they deem, it is almost an offence to doubt. I think that we say many positive things rather from our hopes than from our knowledge, and that we are not yet in possession of the facts in the case. I would have as little as possible to unsay by and by. But these uncertainties do not reach to anything fundamental and vital. I believe in Christian ideas and in Christian men, and in the social order which they will maintain,—that we shall struggle on and suffer on until we come to something better and more enduring than we have lost. We are not on our way to barbarism or anarchy, or a military despotism. This land of churches and schools, of

healthy industry, of thoughtful men and women, of numberless self-governing communities, each village a state by itself, — this land so much of which has been consecrated by the blood of the martyrs of civil liberty, has a great future in store. Have not other countries been torn by dissensions, brother against brother, the soil bathed in their blood, the air filled with curses? Does not strife sometimes come of an excess of life? I believe in Christian civilization, and that our Christian nations, little as the best of them deserve the name, hypocritical and almost beneath contempt as the conduct of some of them has been, (and when I so speak I do not mean England alone, but our own country, in some periods of her history, as well,) have in them the breath of a true divine life, and that slowly but surely they will throw out their poisonous elements, and become in some good sense what they are called. The races which have not received the spirit of the Gospel, the nations that have not been taught to feed on the bread of life, are manifestly waning, whilst the least instructed of the Christian states constantly advance. Witness, for example, half-Christian Russia steadily gaining upon non-Christian Asia. They may be afflicted with corruptions and disorders, threatened alternately with tyranny or with anarchy, but they are living and growing all the while, and their very discontents and strifes are evidences of a vigorous life and of essential health. The kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and which shall not be left to other people, has been established. It is not necessarily an offence to believe in one *form* of government rather than in another, or to be able to see more than one issue of our own national life-struggle, but it is a heresy not to believe in the Christian state, in the old Divine assurance that ten righteous men are enough to save the city, and that where the ark of God is, there shall be safety, peace, and praise.

When David went forth an exile from his own Jerusalem upon the occasion of Absalom's parricidal revolt, he said to

Zadok, "*Carry back the ark of God into the city; if I shall find favor in the eyes of the Lord, he will bring me again and show me both it and his habitation!*" Brave and hopeful words! But what was even that ancient and sacred symbol compared with the brightness which walks amidst us here! I know little of parties or administrations, but I have faith in the people that, since the day when our Lord went up and down through Palestine, have heard the Gospel gladly. We may come into desolations, but not into decays. "*Wheresoever the carcass is, there shall the eagles be gathered together,*" and the dead are *not* here. In one of the most beautiful pictures of the book of the Revelation, we see the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband, whilst a great voice out of heaven saith, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." So the New Covenant fills out the Old, and the Old hath no glory, by reason of the exceeding brightness of the New. Such great things are laid up in the future, and are inseparable from Christian years.

One certainty more. For us also, if we will, the greatest and the best! Whether we shall live or die, rejoice or mourn, succeed or fail, as the world measures success, only God knows, and he loves us too well to tell us before the time what would unduly elate or depress; and yet one thing is sure, no harm can come to the *sweet and virtuous soul*.* The love of God for his children is continually manifested in strange ways, and yet they complain of him least who seem to have most cause, for they know that *all* things shall work together for good to those that love God.

E.

* George Herbert.

PROVIDENTIAL LIMITATIONS.

A CRITICISM OF THE "COUNTRY PARSON."

THE "Country Parson," in one of his pleasant Essays, declares his belief that of all people that on earth do dwell more might have been made. We cannot agree with him; though we have an authority which we have learned to love more than his, we cannot believe in cherishing that pleasurable heart-ache over "it might have been." They are not the saddest of all words, unless we choose to fan the spark into a flame, instead of putting it out of a draught and letting it die; they ought not to be, if we believe that a Heavenly Father overrules all.

The best intentions, combined with the firmest will, never became perfection; is, therefore, every human being of the millions who have been created a failure, or living in defiance of God's laws? We have, it is true, the command, "Be ye perfect"; but that is to cover every point, that no man may master one precept after another, and say at last, "There is no more, I may now rest!" The highest round of the ladder is perfection; death comes to set us free before we put foot upon it. But because no man has stood on that topmost round, does any one suppose that all God's children enter into his presence as failures? That not one amongst them is what he was meant to be, or has filled the place he was sent to fill? Does not that also suppose that our Father's plan for this world is a failure?

Is it not a more reasonable belief that our weakness and our strength are intentionally balanced? That if we develop one talent, we necessarily leave those unenlarged in us which in others may be cultivated?

Why keep up a miserable discontent because Blondin is not also a Shakespeare, or the racket-player a Luther? How can we know that God has not, I will not merely say *a place* for the one as for the other, but as *great* a work for

him to do, since our greatest must seem nothing to Him, and the fact that he chooses a talent to develop proves its existence and a clamoring for encouragement which no other talent had? Does the maker put within his work one useless spring? Or, if you say that circumstances more than inclination forced him to that excellence, who placed those circumstances around him?

Blondin, we will grant, was forced by circumstances to look for a talent; he found and used it to his utmost capacity; dare we say that he was not doing God service? If you object that he need not have neglected other gifts, try yourself, and see if it be so; for one week develop all sides of your life to the utmost; put nothing off until to-morrow; do all that your conscience prompts you to do, day by day, if you can. Human nature has not strength for such a labor.

There are, no doubt, failures in the world,—people of whom more might have been made; but who dare judge of that, for who but God can see the checks and hindrances which make the hands move so slowly round the dial, perhaps each in its proper place? Even the Country Parson acknowledges that circumstances we cannot see may have prevented the development the absence of which we deplore. If we dare judge at all, it seems as if those were failures who die before the time, worn out by kicking against the pricks,—trying to do the work laid out for many hands. We cannot get from God an extra life, and the more we concentrate into the beginning of our time, the sooner comes the demand for rest which must be obeyed, due allowance first being made for an increase of strength by exercise. Do not all know at least one life so shortened by earnest, faithful struggles? It is this same endeavor to develop all sides at once, to grasp more than the hands were made to hold, which drives many a man of talent to intemperance, to supply a temporary power which nature refuses to grant.

I think God's plan for us would be more thoroughly

carried out, if, instead of wasting vain regrets on things as vain, we would look within "to find out the treasures of our unexplored kingdom,"—if we worked out our own salvation without trying to do our neighbor's work besides, walking in our own path and leaving him unmolested in his, cheerfully and contentedly developing only the side which lies nearest the sun, not seeking to change our place till the side exposed to the warm rays is fully ripe. It seems reasonable to suppose that, if we are thus faithful, we may be allowed in a future state to ripen that other side which here was in the shade. It is surely no presumption to hope for a privilege equal to that which the melons in our garden demand from us.

From our Saviour's lips we have no discouragement; there is no looking back from the plough with him; no "might-have-beens"; only one single pearl of a lesson for this child, and another for that, and the strong thread, "Be ye perfect," on which all are strung. With him everything is before, nothing behind.

We are told to be cheerful, to rejoice, to have faith and trust; how can we, if we are all the time reproaching ourselves for our imperfections, or groaning over the deficiencies of others? Surely the fountain of happiness lies so far within ourselves, and if, as our friend acknowledges, happiness tends to make us passably good, it follows that our development in goodness increases in proportion as we cease to worry about it.

There are no such disagreeable people in the world as those who are forever seeking their own improvement, and disquieting themselves about this fault and that; while, on the other hand, there is an unconscious merit which wins more hearts and does more good than all the theoretically virtuous in the wide world;—those who seem to *be* more than to *do*; who speak of no deficiencies in either themselves or others, but who are necessarily modest, because they only take what their hands find to do, and do it with their might;

who therefore have no time to think of the "may-bes" or the "might-have-beens," but who find their work just sufficient for the day, never needing to borrow of to-morrow. These chiefly bear the world upon their shoulders, while others get the thanks.

TO THE ICICLES.

BEAUTIFUL types of human hopes,
Fair as the costliest gem,
Crowning old Winter's sullen brow
With a brilliant diadem ;
Glittering bright from every spray
Your pendants hang on high,
Fringing each roof with a gorgeous show,
Too bright for the gazing eye.

There ye hang in your glittering pride,
Touched by the morning sun ;
Rubies and emeralds, all fair hues,
Gayly blending into one.
There ye hang ; but I look once more,
And your place is vacant found,
And naught remains of the brilliant show
But the fragments on the ground.

Types are ye of our youthful dreams ;
Thus, in life's rising sun,
Glance they fair on dazzled sight, —
Thus fall they one by one ;
But still, like the orb which gave your hues,
And shines on though ye fade away,
A light divine on our path may beam,
When our earthly hopes decay.

. †

THE NEED OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

A SERMON BY REV. JOHN C. KIMBALL.

LUKE ix. 22:—"The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be slain, and be raised the third day."

THE question why our Saviour was obliged to suffer and die was made, a short time ago, the subject of an elaborate article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and is one that in all ages of the Church has largely occupied the attention of its theologians and scholars. The different theories to which it has given rise, though scattered through ponderous volumes of divinity, and each shading off into numberless varieties, may all be reduced to four general heads:—

I. The doctrine that his sufferings and death were necessary as a satisfaction to Satan for his claim on human souls,—which, as strange as it may seem, is the only view of the subject that was held for the first thousand years of the Christian Church.

II. That they were necessary as a satisfaction to the wrath of God for the debt of guilt which our sinful humanity had incurred against Him,—a view that originated with Anselm, in the eleventh century, and was received by nearly all the great scholars of the Middle Ages.

III. That they were necessary as a means of satisfying the Divine justice, and of enabling our Heavenly Father to forgive sinners by having the terrible threats of his law inflicted in their stead upon some innocent being,—a view that was broached by Hugo Grotius, in the seventeenth century, and which is now widely received as the genuine orthodox doctrine of the Atonement.

IV. That they were necessary only for their moral influence in bringing sinners to repentance and to newness of life,—a view that was first explained and brought into notice by the Socinians of the seventeenth century, and which is now

held, at least as much as any other, by a large majority of the Unitarian Church.

The great objection, however, which lies against all these theories, is not only their repugnance to the spirit of the Bible, and of some of them to the noblest attributes of the Father's character, but also the fact of their making this need to be entirely forced and arbitrary. It is their object to find out some principle of the Divine economy which is removed from all the analogy of nature, — something which is peculiar in its efficacy as a means of salvation. And as a part of our human experience, as something which is to be repeated in the lives of you and me and of every human being, they deprive his agony of all its deepest significance. It seems to me that, in discussing questions of this nature, we are apt to err, like the old Ptolemaic astronomers in their systems of the universe, by making the subject to be more difficult and mysterious than it really is. The farther we penetrate the Divine economy, the more we are struck with its profound simplicity. The ways of God are different from those of men, not so much in their intricacy as in their exceeding plainness. And oftentimes we fall into error by soaring far away into the abyss of heaven, after the truth which lies in the circle of our common life and within the reach of our very hands.

Such, we think, is the case with this subject of Christ's death. The principle which it involves is not exceptional, not peculiar, but of an application as wide as the sway of God's power. And we are to look for its necessity, not so much in some strange exigency of the Divine government, as in the operation of those great laws which everywhere in the realm of nature are used as the means of salvation.

Taking up the question from this point of view, we believe his sufferings and death were necessary, first of all, as a means of perfecting his own mind and character. It is a fact which ought not on any account to be forgotten, that his mission was far from being confined to this present

world, and that he had a work to do for himself which was not less real than the one that he did for humanity. We are told in the Bible that he ever liveth to make intercession for us. His relations with the Church were designed to be eternal. And he came into the world not merely to plant here the seed grain of his religious truth, but also to attain that knowledge of mankind and that discipline of his own personal character which would enable him in the best way and evermore to act as a mediator between ourselves and God.

But of the various means which are used in the work of our earthly discipline and improvement, not the least important is that of suffering and sorrow. The agony and struggle which are wrought so deeply into our human experience are not merely the blight and misfortune of our nature, but, in the providence of God, a means of its sublimest acquirements. Made perfect through suffering, is a fragment of Scripture which embodies the highest of all philosophies on the subject of our spiritual growth. The characters which are rough-cast in the mould of life, have to be finished off with God's raspings of pain. The brightest mantles of the spirit are woven only by a shuttle which is driven by the sorrow-pulses of the human heart. And every pang of disease, every blow of misfortune, every wail of bereavement, every struggle of death is given as the means by which the soul is able to work out for itself a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

Our Saviour was no exception to this law of our spiritual growth. The Bible plainly declares that, in bringing many sons to glory, it became the Captain of our Salvation to be made perfect through suffering. His very name, the Son of Man, implies the full depth to which he partook of all human experience. The terrible scenes of Gethsemane and Calvary were necessary to fit him for becoming the eternal Head of the Church, in the same way that the fasting and trial of the wilderness were requisite to prepare him for the work of his earthly ministry. A finishing touch was there

given to the beauty and strength of his sinless character, such as he could have received nowhere else, not even amid the courts of heaven. The blood which crimsoned his body, the same as in many another sacrifice, whitened his soul. With all the glory that he had with the Father before the world was, he left the flesh with a brighter name, and for a higher place, than when he was first made in the likeness of men. And he is now a high-priest who is able to be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, because everything which is saddest and darkest in our earthly lot, even to the bitter cup of a traitor's kiss and a felon's death, he has measured with his own feelings and drained with his own lips.

In the second place, the sufferings and death of Christ were necessary as a part of that great law of vicarious suffering which is used everywhere in this lower world as the means and condition of its highest progress. Whatever we may think about the doctrine of vicarious *punishment*, there is no room to question the reality of vicarious *suffering*.* The whole system of nature is built up, from its foundation to its pinnacle, on the principle, that the one is to be made a sacrifice for the good of the many.

You see it first in the lower orders of creation. The absolute condition of all growth, alike in the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, is death and decay. The myriads of leaves and plants which a few months ago were scattered with such luxuriance and beauty over all the face of nature, are now being crushed to the earth as the means of support-

* It is of the utmost importance that these two things should be distinguished from each other. It is only a few weeks ago that we saw an intelligent paper like the Congregationalist wondering how a Unitarian could speak of vicarious suffering. Our great objection to the Orthodox doctrines of the Atonement is not that Christ is made to *suffer* for our sakes, but that he is made to be *punished* in our stead. The idea that the innocent should be punished for the guilty, is not only abhorrent to every principle of justice, but is contrary to the whole tenor of the Divine economy. The system of nature, whatever we may think of its mercy, is certainly the embodiment of justice. And, though the world is filled with examples of vicarious suffering, you cannot find anywhere in its vast realm one case of vicarious punishment.

ing those which another year will spring into existence. The races of animals are sustained by the continual sacrifice of life, either among themselves, or in the produce of the forest and field. The progress of species one above another is made only by the feeble's laying down their bodies to become from age to age the stepping-stone of the strong. The bloom of the rose that you reared the last year in your gardens is made up from the lives of six thousand generations of flowers that went before it. And if you go back through the countless ages of geology, you will find the whole creation has travailed together in pain from its birth till now, in producing the perfection of beauty which is scattered this day over its surface.

Again, you see the operation of this principle in the affairs of our daily life. It is only at the price of blood that our tables from week to week are supplied with food. There are some threads of a human life which are woven into every yard of cloth which comes from the loom. The seamstress, plying her needle far into the night, fastens her work together with at least one fibre which is more precious than any of linen or silk. The teacher is obliged to take out of his own soul and body the life and spirit which he imparts to the work of education. How many bitter tears and anxious thoughts and night watchings and yearning prayers does the mother spend in bringing her boy from infancy to the strength of manhood! Who has ever counted the trembling hearts, and throbbing brains, and weary toiling hands that are concerned in carrying on the great interest of commerce? In silent chambers, with dim tapers and muffled step, what pale cheeks and weeping eyes and thin hands are employed in ministering to the wants of the sick and the dying! There is no trade or profession which does not have its martyrs. The engines which drive the great workshop of society are fed with life. And though it is not always by a single blow, though it is often by the wear and tear which come through long years of struggle, yet we shall find that every blessing

and comfort of our material existence, — everything which makes the daily round of our being more bright and pleasant, is paid for in its last result only at the counter of death.

So likewise in the social progress of humanity. What a long array of strong arms, and loving hearts, and noble, manly souls, reaching from the dawn of years down through all the ages even to this present hour, has been laid as a precious offering on the altar of our civil liberty! How many of those institutions which now rise up to heaven, the beacon lights of humanity, are based on a foundation of human lives? And what a countless multitude of artisans, and navigators, and travellers, and scholars, have toiled themselves with weary hand and with aching heart to the grave as a means of procuring that wonderful array of art and power, and of science and letters, which is the glory of our present age! It is by the agony and travail of our human nature that ideas, like souls, are born into the world. The staff with which the genius of progress is obliged to make his way over the earth is in the shape of a cross. And the names of our great discoverers are raised up into glory only when they have passed in some measure through the shadow and pain of the world's Gethsemane.

But ample as we find the operation of this law in all the other parts of the Divine economy, it is in the growth of moral and religious truth that we come to its fullest development. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. You can trace the progress of its eternal word through the ages, as you can no other truth, by the number of its graves. The endurance of persecution is the price which has been paid for each one of its reformatations. Its new discoveries of doctrine and duty have been made only through the agony and blood of its noblest souls. The experience of Paul — in stripes above measure, in perils by the heathen, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness — has been repeated, to a greater or less extent,

with each one of that noble missionary band which has gone forth, from age to age, proclaiming unto all people its tidings of great joy. And though the rack and the stake are no longer the engines of bigotry and conservatism, yet the need of sacrifice as a condition of religious progress has by no means passed away, and in looking abroad over the world, you will find that even now its great works of reform are being advanced in the midst of shame and scorn and loss and pain.

The law of vicarious suffering is thus to be regarded as a fundamental principle of the Divine economy. Everywhere it is the giving, not the keeping, of life which is required as the condition of progress. It is not only under the law of Moses, but likewise under that of nature, that almost all things are purged with blood. The great army of being, from the lowest weed that lags behind on the edge of the desert, up to the mighty van spirits of humanity, is obliged ever and ever, in its onward march, to pass over the trenches that are filled with its dead. And there is nothing in all this wide world which is bright and beautiful, no race of animals or species of plants, no work of genius or product of art, no religion or science, nothing which is bearing fruit for God and humanity, which does not have its root, somewhere and somehow, in the midst of a grave.

Now, my friends, we do not pretend to go behind this law of suffering, and to say why its existence, as a part of the Divine economy, is necessary. Such a question is to be answered only by that mind which has planned the universe according to its own infinite wisdom, and whose ways are higher than our ways, and whose thoughts higher than our thoughts. It is possible that He might have made ease and pleasure, just as well as labor and pain, the means of growth. But he has not done it. And taking things simply as they are, we say that, apart from its need in the discipline of his own soul, it was in accordance with this great natural prin-

ciple of vicarious sacrifice that our Saviour was obliged to suffer and die.

We say it, first, on the ground of analogy. It is reasonable to suppose that, as the God of nature and the God of redemption are one and the same being, the great fundamental laws which apply to all the rest of his economy will apply also to his salvation of man. The principle of vicarious suffering is found to exist throughout all the lower orders of creation. It has been the experience of our benefactors in liberty and science and art, that the more they have done for human progress, the richer the ideas they have brought into the world, the more it has cost them of trial and pain. And now, coming to the case of Christ, how could it be otherwise than that he who has done above all other beings the greatest possible good for humanity, who has brought to our race ideas that were derived from the very fountain of God's eternal truth, and that were meant for all time to inspire and uplift and redeem our souls, — how, I ask, could it be otherwise without violating the whole analogy of nature, than that such a being, the greatest of benefactors, should be also the greatest of sufferers?

We say it, secondly, because this view is sanctioned by the accounts which the Scriptures give in regard to the circumstances of his death. No person can read the history of the crucifixion, and get the idea that he was obliged to suffer and die on any other ground than as a martyr to the truth. We are told that his preaching early offended the chief priests and scribes and elders, who were then the conservative and powerful classes of society. The progress of his ministry only served to increase their hatred. For a long time they tried in vain to get him into their power. At length by the treachery of Judas they succeeded. And then, having caused him by bribery and false accusations to be condemned, they put him as a criminal to a violent death. The whole account is exceedingly natural. It is the same story, only written in divine characters, which has been repeated in every age, and

is going on even in our own day,—that in which a reformer excites the hatred of bigots and conservatives by the proclamation of a truth which is too glorious for his age to receive. The language of the writers clearly implies that he was crucified to satisfy, not the wrath of God, but of wicked men. The greatest stress is laid continually on the fact, that to punish an innocent person is so far from being the work of God, as to be entirely contrary to all the laws of Divine justice. There is not one word in the narrative which implies that any other necessity was involved in his sufferings than in those of Stephen and John.

Thirdly, this view is sanctioned by the rest of Christ's life. The Gospel plainly shows that Christ, as the Son of Man, was obliged to submit himself, the same as any other being, to the laws and conditions of earth. Like the rest of mankind, he was ahungry and athirst and weary. He wept like them over the grave of Lazarus. And the ingratitude and unkindness of Judas and Peter were as painful to his soul as they would have been to yours or mine. There is no more mystery about the sufferings of his death than about those of his lifetime. It was just as necessary for him to submit to the law of sacrifice in the promotion of his work, as to that of gravitation or of bodily vigor. And you might as well say, it was the wrath of God that made him weary at the well of Sychar, or grieved at the grave of Lazarus, as to say it was the wrath of God that made him suffer on the cross of Calvary.

Once more, this view accords better than any other with the language in which the Apostles speak of his death. There is no one theory which is consistent with a literal interpretation of all their words. Whatever view we adopt, some of them must be explained figuratively. And such being the case, we are bound, surely, to take the one which is most in harmony with natural laws, and with the known principles of the Divine government.

Considered in this light, the sacrificial language of the

Bible comes home to the believer's heart with peculiar significance and power. We can say, as truly as the most rigid Trinitarian, that "by his stripes are we healed"; "that he bare our sins in his own body on the tree"; "that he suffered, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." The passages which speak of his blood,—“Ye were redeemed, not with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without spot or blemish”; “The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin”; “They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb”;—there is not one of these which is not true to nature's great law of salvation, not one that we cannot take in its fullest, deepest meaning. And the various terms which are applied to the work of the cross,—“sacrifice,” “sin-offering,” “propitiation,” “ransom,” &c.,—each and all of these we thankfully accept,—not, indeed, as containing a theory of his death, but as some of the different lights in which this great central fact of our human history is to be viewed.

But apart from this general harmony, there is one passage which cannot be explained, even when regarded as a figure of speech, on any other theory than the one we have tried to present. Paul says, in writing to the Corinthians, “I now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind in the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for his body's sake, which is the Church.” This passage is one of the most remarkable in relation to Christ's work that is to be found anywhere in the Bible. Our translators have reduced and softened its meaning as much as possible, using the word *behind* instead of *lacking* or *wanting*, which is the force of the original. It is a passage that you seldom see referred to by theologians. And there is not one person of a hundred among those who believe in vicarious punishment, that is not surprised on hearing for the first time that such language is anywhere to be found in the Bible. These words, however, plainly show that the afflictions of our Saviour are to be placed on the same footing as those of the Apostles. Their

superiority is in degree, not in kind. And as the sufferings of Paul arose only from natural laws, so also must it have been with those of Christ.

Yet further, this view is confirmed by the very fact of its being able to explain the necessity of Christ's death. There is a strict logical connection between the Mount of Olives and the hill of Calvary. The wrath of the scribes and Pharisees, which led to his death, was the direct and immediate consequence of his preaching. It was not possible for him in that state of the world to proclaim his Gospel without its bringing him sooner or later to the cross. The preaching of his truth has produced over and over again with his disciples the same results which it produced with him. And if Christ himself were again to come on earth, I doubt not you would find him branded by some of his own followers with names as black as those that he received from the Jewish mob, and put, even in some parts of our own land, to a death as shameful and bitter as he endured of old on the cross of Calvary. What need, then, of trying to find the ground of his sufferings in some remote region of mystery, when you have their adequate cause here plainly before you in the laws of our daily life?

Finally, there is a philosophical completeness about this view of the subject which gives at once the impression of its truth. It was becoming in him who is called the Son of Man, and who is the representative of this lower world, to be at the head of that glorious band who have suffered and died throughout all the ages, in the promotion of the world's welfare. The type of his fate is to be found not only in the Jewish economy, but over the whole realm of nature, written deep on the everlasting rocks in the very beginning of time, and stamped far and wide on every leaf of the forest and every beast of the field. The prophets that have told of his coming are the myriads of animals and plants that ages and ages ago were sacrificed on nature's vast primal altar, not less than the men who proclaimed him among the children

of Israel. The great temple of the universe, built up of so many precious lives, would be incomplete without it was crowned with our Saviour's cross. And as the countless forms of the animal kingdom, commencing far back in the night of ages, and growing ever nearer and nearer to perfection, all point forward and upward till they arrive at their focus in the body of man, and are complete only in him, so all the blight and pain of the universe, beginning far back with the animalcules that lived and died to make with their bodies the very soil which is under our feet, and reaching up through the various orders of creation, to the great martyr souls of humanity, all point to their centre and climax in the death of Christ, and are complete only in his final agony. O, how strange it is that men will patch up plans of redemption from the subtleties of theology, when God's truth stands ever before them so simple and sublime! It is one of the glories of the cross that it is not peculiar, not an excrescence on the face of nature, but that it falls in harmoniously with all the other parts of the Divine economy. We have in this doctrine another example, like that of gravitation, in which God accomplishes a countless number of events, reaching all the way from the nurture of a flower to the salvation of a world, by the operation of a single law. Nor is it the least important of the many arguments which are used for the truth of the Christian history, that it connects itself so closely with the facts of our common life. The scene of Calvary belongs not to man's system of theology, but to God's system of the universe. You must blot out a third of his providence over all the earth before you can impair its probability. The groaning and travail of the whole creation from its birth till now imply its truth. The children of nature, with a myriad of dumb signs, ask for some one sacrifice that is able to interpret theirs and reveal its divine significance; and the Bible answers the want by giving to us the story of the cross.

The twofold view as to the need of our Saviour's sufferings

and death, that we have thus set forth, is of value not only as a question of philosophy and of Scripture, but for the intense moral power with which it bears directly on the human soul. Without regarding them by any means as endured for the mere sake of example, we do believe that, as a matter of fact, there is no other view of their nature which is able to endue them with so great a moral influence. A new meaning is given to the value of sorrow by the fact of its being required for the discipline of a spirit so pure and sinless as that of our Saviour. It was easy for Paul to endure stripes and fastings and the perils of the deep, when he knew that his sufferings were to make up what was wanting in the afflictions of Christ. The gate of the grave has opened more softly even to the martyr souls of our race, ever since it has been moistened with the blood of the cross. The lowest kinds of disgrace and shame and agony are made noble and sublime when we consider that, inasmuch as they are borne for the sake of humanity, they are placed on the same footing as those of our great Exemplar. Subtile ties, that are seen only of God's omniscient vision, have been reaching from the hill of Calvary down through the ages and over all the world, drawing its noble and generous souls evermore up to the proud height of the cross. Patriots on the field of battle, and missionaries crossing the sea, and mothers toiling for their children, and pale hands trembling over the couch of sickness, all have been nerved to more of sacrifice and struggle by the fact of Christ's death. There would have been no Gregory and Anschar and Xavier, no Howard and Havelock, no Florence Nightingale, without there had been first a Jesus Christ. The young soldier, who is marching now, with his life in his hand, to the field of battle, goes there with a braver heart and a firmer step, from the fact that the Saviour's blood has once sprinkled the earth. Ay, and the mother that, with sobbing voice and her soul's bitter agony, is sending forth her boy to the altar fields of liberty, baptizing him anew with her tears, and giving to country her

heart's dearest treasure, is able to make the sacrifice with a more unfaltering will, from her knowing that the Son of Man was not spared by his Father that bitter cup at whose drinking creation shuddered. All other heroism is made possible to humanity by that of the cross. The wreath of suffering was changed on the hill of Calvary evermore into the crown of glory. It is true in the sublimest of all senses, that our Saviour has tasted death for every man. And we are now able, through him that loved us and gave himself for us, to go forth even into the darkest scenes of our earthly being, conquering and to conquer.

Let us, then, as a part of our living faith, take into our souls the great doctrine of sacrifice which has been so grandly exemplified in Jesus Christ. The agony and sorrow of this present life are not only to be mourned over with tears, but rejoiced over in hope. There is not one particle of our human suffering which is endured for truth and humanity that is ever lost. Every mourner's tear and martyr's groan, every deed of sacrifice and self-denial, every weary hour by the couch of sickness and aching heart by the side of the grave, every wound that comes from the resistance of evil, and every pang from the defence of truth, is made the means of our human progress, and woven with the viewless fingers of God's providence evermore into the world's great robe of glory. It was only the first instalment of our redemption-money that was paid on the cross of Calvary. The great work is yet before the Church, of making up what is behind in the afflictions of Christ. There is nowhere a noble and generous soul, nowhere a disciple that has professed the name of his Master, that has a right to withhold his hand—ay, and his life—from its completion. And if any of us are despondent,—if any of us are apt to feel that we are bearing more than our share of the world's sorrow and grief,—let us remember the blessed promise of Scripture, that, inasmuch as we are now the partakers of Christ's sufferings, we shall rejoice with him, when his glory shall be revealed, with exceeding joy.

HOME, THE RESIDENCE.

I PROPOSE to say something of the House, — a part of the Home too little considered, which yet has more to do with the character of Home than we are aware. If the prairie, the mountain, the sea-side, the environments of nature, are felt to have large influence in shaping the character, — things whose influence is external and must be superficial, — why shall not much more the house, the centre of our daily action and affection, mould and control our lives? The child receives inevitable and indelible impressions from the house in which he is brought up. We know that by our own experience, and a very little thought will show that, as men and women, our lives are still influenced very much by the house we live in. This is none the less true because we cannot always separate and analyze these influences. I cannot tell you why or how, perhaps, but I know that the house I live in shapes to a very considerable extent my character. Its situation, its convenience, its facilities for movement and for work, the way it faces, the shade about it, the figures on its carpets and its walls, are all unconscious educators and directors, not of my mere outward life, but of that which is deeper within. It is the influences which cannot be detected or analyzed which oftentimes exert the greatest power over us for good or for evil. It is coming to be understood by the philanthropist, that one of the surest ways of elevating the poor man is to give him appropriate house accommodation, make his home comfortable, convenient, and desirable, — a pleasant place to think of and to go to; and Mr. Lawrence leaves a legacy for the building of “model houses,” — that great discovery of modern benevolence, which seems the only method in great cities of counteracting the terrible evils which spring from the filthy and crowded tenements allotted to the poor. In Queen Elizabeth’s reign an act was passed forbidding cottages to be erected unless a certain quantity of

land were attached to each, and calling such as failed in this respect "silly cottages." I wish that law might revive, and that epithet attach to more modern houses. The idea was to give every man a homestead, and encourage him to economy in his wages till he had secured it. Had that idea been carried out and made a fundamental principle of English law, established by our fathers here and respected by their sons, it would have proved of immense importance to the race, and secured homes to that large class which now knows nothing about them. A recent New York paper says, and what it says is equally applicable to other meridians: "If we look well into the causes of the increase of crime and of the growing immorality and corruption, we cannot fail to perceive that the mass of the population have not room to live comfortably, or even decently. Neither physical nor moral health can exist where people are packed into apartments too miserable and too inconvenient to afford the ordinary comforts and conveniences of life. There is nothing like *home* in such dwellings, nothing like the social and friendly intercourse, and fireside recreations and amusements, which make home happy under other circumstances. The crowding of several families into a building fit for but one gives rise to bickerings and annoyances which destroy anything like satisfaction in the domestic circle. Certain physical comforts and conveniences, as well as room, are absolutely necessary for the proper home education of children, and where these are wanting the morals of a community must suffer." A walk through some parts of any large town or city is enough to make the heart ache. Look at the houses that are built on cheap and low lands; think of the money that is coined out of the necessities of the poorer classes, taken, not out of the pocket merely, but out of the best life. Look into these abodes, erected by the rapacity of landlords who care only for a large return on a small outlay, who grow rich on the penury of their fellow-beings, and tell me if it is possible that they should become *homes*?

Nor is it only the poorer classes who suffer in this way. High rents and the wretchedness of accommodation afforded, the niggardliness of landlords, have operated unfavorably upon a large class whose circumstances are considered good. How many a man is compelled to live in quarters which he can never love, never feel to be home,—which always fret him by their bad arrangement, their want of small repairs, their cramped stair-way and entry and chamber, poor cellar and paltry yard,—simply because a class of selfish speculators have gotten possession of the land and crowded it with cheap houses, leaving to him no choice, no mercy, and no hope? How many of those who are compelled to hire houses feel that they get anything like a just equivalent for what they give? How many when “the lease is up” leave with any feeling akin to that of leaving home? I think that these wooden houses which spring up like mushrooms everywhere about us, many of them double with but a lath and plaster partition between, having no beauty on the outside, no real convenience within, standing anyhow, anywhere, are not only provocatives and food for some huge conflagration, and so should be forbidden by law,—not only perpetuate bad taste, and so should be frowned upon by public sentiment,—but stand in the way of the establishment of genuine, independent homes, and should receive the hearty reprobation of every well-wisher of his kind. The buildings, public and private, of a city or village, are not only exponents of the taste of the generation erecting them, but they educate the taste of the generation succeeding. They explain to the traveller the history of the past as much as the hoary monuments of an older civilization do, and they shape the growing sentiment as truly as the grand churches and cathedrals and monuments of antiquity. How much our own Northampton, Springfield, Portsmouth, New Bedford, quiet and sober Salem, say for the past, of the present! Somehow there is a home-spirit which looks out from these and many a lesser New

England village you look for in vain in the crowded streets of the city and its suburbs. In them men built houses for their own living in, and the house reflects the home. They were a generation in that respect wiser than this, whose civilization, striding rapidly forward in purely material interests, overlooks the things of sentiment and affection, and leaves them to be plagued by the speculator, who has no higher idea than that of building houses that will pay, not homes that shall bless.

I would place in the front rank of philanthropy, I would more honor than a hero, the man who should set himself to building homes for the people, — buildings neat, snug, separate, and in good taste, which a man would be content to live in for years, and would come to love. But better than this will it be when every man shall build his own home, or shall find that to buy which shall be his *home*. Is this the impossible thing many make it? Perhaps so, if we are to foster the foolish notion that we must equal or eclipse our neighbor; perhaps so, if we have to wait to grow rich before we can have homes. But I think the essentials of a home are nearer every man's reach than he supposes. A house to be a true home must be strictly adapted to the owner's position in society, his calling and means. The houses of the laborer, the mechanic, the merchant, the professional man, must differ as their callings do. I could not be at home in a laborer's house, or he in mine. The house must be adapted to the man. If you build or buy otherwise, you jeopard the home. Now, I believe that every industrious laborer or mechanic may have a home of his own, if he will drop all ambition, and, to use the homely proverb, "cut his coat according to his cloth." It is not large houses, costly houses, the houses with all modern conveniences, which make the homes, but the houses adapted to the circumstances and wants of the individual. I do not say it would be perfectly easy for a man with only his hands to depend upon — especially a young man — to secure a home of his own;

but, without waiting for a class of men whom it is to be hoped God in his own good time will raise up, who shall assist the young and deserving in securing homes, or, more hopelessly still, waiting until legislation shall recognize and provide for this general want, is there not a great deal spent by the laborer and the mechanic and the clerk uselessly, which if laid by every year would make the owning a home not the impossible thing it is held? And might not the young merchant, instead of giving in to the idea that he cannot withdraw enough from his capital to buy him a home, or that the money spent on a home is lying idle, learn that the best, the surest, even the best-paying investment he could make, would be in a home, which, though he suffer himself to be too busy to enjoy, would be a place of happiness for his wife and children? In the flush of your success you may call your money idle which is not busy in the market, but how many a man in the panics of these past years has had cause to bless God that he had a home of his own, — no hired house, but a home of his own, to go to for rest and refreshing, a dear asylum from uncertainty and care? and though the ruthless blast has not always spared the hearth-stone, and the keenest pang has been when for the last time the foot crossed the threshold, who that has a heart but has thanked God that he had at least once had a home? Subtract the knowledge and experience of a home that he can call his own from a man's life, and you have subtracted one of the most exquisite pleasures vouchsafed the human heart, — a pleasure cheaply purchased at the cost of any personal sacrifice.

No man needs to own his house more than the hard working-man of moderate means. No one more needs this and every influence of home. One reason assigned for the want of thrift, the low pleasures of the working-man, is the character of the place he lives in, and the fact that the bar, or saloon, or billiard-room will give him cleanliness and comfort his home lacks. It will very soon break down the ambition

of an otherwise very worthy man, if he find his home wanting in the cheaper means or appearance of comfort which the places of resort afford,—means or appearances which a large class of tenements do not afford. His own home,—small, but speaking within and without of his care and love,—that is the great safeguard of the man and the family of moderate means. To it, when the day is done, he goes with joy, upon it and its comfort he willingly lays out a portion of his wages. It smiles, in return, as another man's house never can; it rebukes, in his wandering, only as his own home could. It is an anchor by which he holds amid the tossing temptations of life,—a place of refuge and of love, whose charms, whose solid, pure delights, prevail against all that pleasure offers or appetite suggests.

Another reason which should operate strongly in favor of every man's owning his house is, that so only can anything like permanence of residence be secured. This want of permanence is one of the crying sins of the age. It prevents that local attachment which is one of the strongest and purest sentiments of the human breast. No wandering horde of the desert is more restless, unsettled than we. We strike our tents, and flit at any moment, the great ambition of some seeming to be to see how many houses they can reside in. All this is fatal to the home. It breaks up anything like continuity of life; it prevents fixedness of habit, and so fixedness of purpose. You are always getting ready to live in a new place, never living. Your past is a shifting scene, and your future only prospective change. It makes life a hunt after houses, and its chief end the altering of carpets and putting up of bedsteads, and has introduced the omnipresent furniture-wagon, that melancholy fact in modern civilization, so suggestive of outraged household affections,—that unnatural institution of a people who have ceased to regard permanency of abode among the cardinal virtues. The heart cannot be brought again to its right tone, or the life grow rich in home affections, till we

shall fall back upon the wisdom of our fathers, who thought a good deal of owning their homes,—till we shall do something toward securing for our children memories as pleasant as those which form so large a part of our past. To how many of us is the old place—humble though it be—the Mecca of our memories, to which our affections make perpetual, involuntary pilgrimage? Was it no sacrifice of our fathers that gave to us this boon, and shall we sacrifice nothing to secure it to our children?

Now what are the essentials to be kept in mind in building a home? I put at the head of the requisites of a house its fitness for domestic purposes. The house is a place to be used by a family for work, for comfort, for sickness, and for health. It is a place to be constantly and variously used. It should be primarily adapted to home wants. There should be a fitness in all its parts to the great ends of home. It need not be large, it need not be costly, but it must be convenient, adapted to the means and the position of the builder,—no way encumbering, but every way helping him.

Is this so in general? Is it with regard to the purposes of use, fitness, that houses are built? If you will take the wide range of farm-house, cottage, suburban and city residences, owned or rented, I think you will find that they are built either without plan, or to suit a lot, or to gratify a whim, or to bring most income, or to make a show.

Man is the only animal who, in the construction of a home, has ventured to disregard the great law of fitness. He has builded for every purpose but that of utility. The cell of the bee, the nest of the bird, the burrow of the fox, the web of the spider, are exactly suited to the wants of the inhabitants. Each builder knows what he requires, and at once, with the utmost economy and ingenuity, sets himself to his task. Instinct does no less for man, and the home of the savage, the wigwam of the Indian, the hut of the Esquimaux, the tent of the Arab, are just what the condition of the occupant demands. The house is the type of the civilization of the

inhabitants. It is only as you come to the more advanced stages that there is a departure from this law of fitness, an intrusion of other things into the idea of a home. When wisdom and culture supplant instinct, when the intellect asserts and attains its mastery over the animal, when society is formed and convention rules, the house begins to lose the simpler, more natural characteristics of fitness and use, the advancing man content only when he has grafted on some whim, or followed some fashion, or made some display, converting his home, not into a reflection of his own thought and want, but into an undigested mass of rooms and appliances, — windows, doors, gables, piazzas, without meaning and without value and without beauty. It is about a house as it is about a dress. Everything should mean something, even the ornaments. Nothing is more meaningless than the larger proportion of the dresses one sees. They have no beauty, no substantial value ; they do not add to, but subtract from, your idea of the wearer. They encumber without adorning, they conceal where they were meant to enhance, they caricature where they are supposed to ennoble. So it is with a house. If you want merely to show that you can spend money, or have the ambition to attract attention, or be unlike your neighbors, that is one thing ; if you want to build a home for yourself and your children, one which you and they shall love, where you wish the household virtues to take root and grow, that is quite another. If your house is to be a mere show place, and your ambition to excite a vulgar approval or envy, you may neglect or banish the useful parts of the house, you may sacrifice utility to appearance ; but if you are going to build a *home*, the homely, common, ever-wanted things must be close by, compact, and convenient, to be used at no waste of temper, time, or strength. *Utility* should be the Alpha and Omega in a home.

I know that some of the most *home-ish* (to use a word you will not find in the Dictionary) looking places in the country — the farm-houses which have been the true homes and

nurseries of New England character — have wanted not only the graces, but the conveniences, of more modern days. The house is large, not wholly occupied or even finished, poorly arranged, and not over tightly built, while the well is in the yard, and in long row stretch out-houses and barns. The architect to-day brings all these into a snugger compass; but the architect of to-day omits one element of the old home which made amends for all this, which the taste, the advance, or the mistake of the present generation compels him to omit. I mean the large, cheerful, generous, old kitchen, the place where many a man and woman of silks and fashion was brought up, — the true “keeping” or “living room,” redolent of the mother’s brown bread and pies, fragrant with quiet domestic virtues, the work-place of mothers and daughters in the days when mothers and daughters worked, — the centre of the family circle when the day was done, and father and the boys gathered around the evening table to read or cipher, or play a game, or mend this or that which had been broken about the farm; when neighbors dropped quietly in and were welcome to the chimney-corner, and cider and apples closed the visit; when even lovers must sit in the kitchen and with the family, except on Sundays. I do not believe in everything that is old, but I do believe we have made no gain in surrendering these homely ways and virtues which clustered about that now dishonored place. The kitchen was the *home* in those golden days ere its sacred economies were handed over to the wasteful mercies of ignorant domestics, and though there were no modern labor-saving appliances, yet because the labor was not bought, but each had his post and duty, the home went on more wisely and happily than now. The kitchen was then the blessing of the house. Now it is too frequently the curse, and the troubles it entails have much to do with this rapid filling up of hotels and lodging-houses by those who rather fly from than seek to remedy the evil. Perhaps, as society is, we cannot reinstall the kitchen. I do not believe the idea would be very pal-

atable to those who associate the place with the stupidity of Irish cooks, or regard the toil as a disgrace to their position, or as injuring the complexion and marring the delicacy of the hand. The kitchen was the sanctum of the home, and homes have gained nothing by deserting it. It was the nursery of the character, of the health, the moral and mental strength of the old and middle-aged of to-day, — of virtues which have seemed to wane with the coming in of carpets and curtains and conveniences, and that utter respectability which would gladly forget that a kitchen has a necessary connection with a house.

In a different way, if you would have peace, you must still regard the kitchen. It is now the tyrant of the house, and he who builds his house without a prime regard to that, who plans the rest liberally and leaves that to chance, or, when he finds the cost exceeding his ability, lets the pinch come there, may at once give up the thought of a comfortable home. Let the pinch come in your parlors, your furnishings, — the things for your own luxury or the eye of your visitor ; but in a home, the kitchen, the cellar, and the closet must stand before these. No house can be a home which is stinted in the useful things, that is narrow and mean in its arrangements for work, — and that is one reason why these things all over our towns with "*To let*" hanging in the windows can never become genuine homes.

Another thing that should be thought of is *seclusion*. The home ought not to be open to the casual eye, or the secrets of it liable to the prying or the propinquity of neighbors. It ought to stand apart, neither subject to overlooking or overhearing. Every family should be brought up distinct from every other family. The house should be within an enclosure sacred to it. The blessed sun and air should not be cut off from it by the intervening of any other house. This is the necessity of cities, which the kind of houses demanded by the city in part remedies ; but the cramped homes of the city never come up to the full idea of home. A home

should have a yard and a garden. I do not hesitate to say that, as a matter of dollars and cents, it would be better in the end for the individual speculator to lay out each house with a fair garden spot, place it on some general line, employ an architect as well as a carpenter and mason, spend something on shrubs and trees, — in short, make a home of it, — than to cover all his land with wood and mortar ; while it would add to the character of the town, introduce a higher order of population, increase taxable property, and do for the place what men in vain look to churches, schools, horse-railroads, gas, and water to do. The man of thought and intelligence, who wants a permanent abode for his family, will look to the house before he will these other things. If he cannot find a home, these will be a small temptation.

Besides, to the well ordering of a family, privacy is absolutely essential. What chance is there for that, where houses stand so near that, through the open windows, inevitably, you hear much that is said, or through a thin partition comes the thrumming of a piano, the scolding of the mother, the crying of the child, the entrance and exit of every guest ? This sort of living is only too common. It is a necessity many submit to because they can do no better, while it is a submission which is likely to act unfavorably upon the rising generation, who must get their idea of home from the homes in which they are nurtured. We all know very well that the presence of a guest or a boarder breaks up much of the peculiar life of home, interrupts its free and steady flow. We all know that the vacation we spend at boarding-places is too apt to interfere with home precepts and discipline, — sow tares amid our wheat. How much greater the harm which comes from always living so near to others, so exposed front and rear, and both sides, that inevitably, in spite of you, the daily life of yourself and your children is subject to influences you would gladly be rid of. I do not believe a truly independent home possible — a home standing on its own basis and supported by its own principles as every home should — so

long as houses are built as a very large majority of those in our neighborhood are. Not as a matter of pride or of mere feeling, but as a matter of principle, I would not occupy a house where I was not or could not be alone. Nearness to one's business, or anything that could be urged in favor of such a residence, would not weigh as a feather with what could be urged against.

I know there are many persons, even fathers and mothers, who will not sympathize with this at all. They would rather live in public. They want to see and hear what is going on. They don't care anything about yards and gardens. All that can be said of such is, that they are falling into the great American current which sets against the home, whose top folly is seen in the life of the New-York hotel. The man who has forgotten the free range his childhood loved over the old farm or through the pastures, and refuses for his children even a garden or a yard, the man who prefers his children should be educated in the street, or turns them to play in some other man's grounds, the man who forgets how much more of good outdoors teaches, in the earlier years, than the costly parlor can, who sacrifices his children's good to his desire for a wider range indoors, or a more costly abode, is traitor to the best memories of his own life, and working against the best life of his child. Contentment with some conditions is only a proof how far man may fall from his true position, yet be unconscious of his fall. The contented slave is the saddest evidence of the atrocity of slavery.

Permanence, utility, seclusion, are the three things a man should specially seek in the house he is to call home. In its exterior it should violate no law of taste, while it should be suggestive of the character and position of the inmates. You go through the streets of a city or town, and you inevitably draw your inferences of the inhabitants from their houses. If you are hungry, or have lost your way, you select the house at which you will ask. Even organ-grinders and pedlers study the outside before venturing within the gate. Some

houses suggest vanity, pride, meanness, as surely as some suggest home. I remember that, pacing backward and forward through Fifth Avenue in New York, and marvelling at the prodigality of the cost of that double row of sandstone palaces, I felt the chill of all that splendor striking through me till I came upon a square, sober, though evidently costly house, and I said, This looks like a home. I asked the owner, and from his well-known name I knew that I was right. In the landscape it is the home that satisfies and pleases. Not the abode of wealth or of show, but the abode over which that nameless grace of home is thrown. I have seen that charm embracing as a halo the little one-story, unpainted wayside cottage, equally with the glorious old gambrel-roof homestead beneath the trees, — to me the type and symbol of a New England home. I have seen it invest the home of poverty, while refusing to linger about the abode of pride, — a something which seems to radiate from the life within through shingle and clapboard, as the life of the soul speaks in the outward expression of the face and the form.

As a part of the home, a single word of its furnishing. In proportion as you introduce splendor, you banish love. No child can grow up to love a house so adorned that he associates with it the perpetual warning to be careful of his hands and feet, all the freedom of whose motions must be checked by the cost of the carpet and the material of the sofa. If there must be a company-room, to be kept sacred from the intrusion of the child's foot, then let there be special pains that there be some room sacred to childhood, — the wild domain of disorder and frolic, where things may be banged and broken according to the laws of an innocent misrule, without fear of rebuke. The furniture of home should be for use, and every adorning subsidiary to propriety and taste. The papers upon the wall, the casts, engravings, ornaments, should all have reference to home culture; not stiff or ugly or over many, but such as, living with the child, insensibly educate and elevate his taste, as living with

virtue insensibly educates and elevates his character. A house that chills a stranger with the idea that its furnishings are to be seen and not used, which reveals no trace of childhood, or only of childhood prematurely prim, — rooms stiff and bristling and suggestive of the upholsterer, — is no home. How gladly one escapes from all this drear array of show to some cosy, free-and-easy, comfortable room, whose furniture bears the marks of use, — where there are no angles and straight lines, but the unstudied order, or the equally unstudied disorder, of a free and happy household.

The idea of a home cannot be independent of the house. I do not deny that there are homes where there is no advantage of the house; still, to the perfect idea of the perfect home the house is essential; — not a house of cost, but a house appropriate to the condition of the occupant, a permanent, useful, secluded abode, — a place not for the guest, but for the family, not for the adult merely, but for the child. The idea every man should have in building ought to be to build a home, whether the house be for his own occupancy or to let. It is time there was a little more humanity in landlords, and that public opinion rebuked this coining of money at the expense of the finer sentiments of the heart and home. We have had a precious inheritance in the old homes of New England. Our fathers builded better than they knew when they erected them, and he shall be the benefactor of his children who shall, under altered circumstances of time and place, transmit to his children a true home, and he shall stand highest among architects who shall strive, not to build the churches, the capitals, the monuments of the nation, but who shall give himself to the skilful planning of homes for the people, — a work Downing had so nobly begun when he was suddenly taken away. The nations of antiquity, whose marvels of learning and of art still excite the admiration and wonder of the world, had no homes; there are no homes where the Bedouin slumbers in the shadow of the pyramids, or fodders his steed amid the

crumbling magnificence of a long-buried despotism ; the gay and glittering Frenchman has no word for home ; while the cities of the Continent, to whose monuments the rich, the restless, and the wise make pilgrimage, have no homes, the wretched hovel alternating with the palace and the ruin. They may do to admire as works of art, but let us have to show the traveller, to bless ourselves, to help our children, a land of homes, speaking to the eye of the stranger, and dear to the heart of the dweller.

J. F. W. W.

THE SHADOW AND THE LIGHT.

O PILGRIM on life's journey,
Treading its downward way,
Art thou the same bright creature,
Who sprang with hopes so gay

Forth on the unknown pathway
When life was fresh and new,
Tinging each scene around her
With its own golden hue ?

The same, and yet another ;
Another, yet the same.
How changed the inner being !
How changed the outward frame !

Where is the bounding footstep ?
Where is the eye's quick sight ?
And where the buoyant spirit, —
The laughter long and light ?

The step no more is lightsome,
The eye is slow to see ;
And chastened is the laughter,
Of old so full of glee.

Amid the raven tresses
The silver threads appear ;
Streaking the midnight darkness,
They gather year by year.

The girlhood-dreams so brilliant,
That floated through the mind,
Fleeting as sunset glories,
Which leave no trace behind, —

How are they all departed,
Those dreams of youth's bright hours,
That came, and went, and vanished,
And died like last year's flowers !

The friends who spread above thee
In childhood's early day
Their kind, protecting shelter, —
Thy parents, — where are they ?

Thus sings the earthly minstrel,
Mourning o'er pleasures gone ;
But high above these changes
So speaks the heavenly one : —

Why mourn o'er strength departed ?
God's strong right arm shall be
Thy power, his quickening spirit
Thy spirit's energy.

And every trembling footstep,
And every waning power,
And every hair that silvers,
Tells of the coming hour,

When, laying off these garments,
This toil-worn robe of earth,
Thou shalt put on the vesture
That waits the spirit's birth.

Earth is no vale of sadness,
Seen in that holy light,—
That smile of God, whose glory
Makes even darkness bright.

And if through all life's changes
Thy steadfast aim hath been
To take each onward footstep
By faith in things unseen,

Far holier than the gladness
Of youth's light-hearted glee
Deep in thy long-tried spirit
The "peace of God" shall be.

And for the dreams of girlhood
Shall beam upon thine eyes
The fair, celestial mansions,
Eternal in the skies.

The friends who clustered round thee
In thy first home of love,
"Not lost, but gone before" thee,
They wait for thee above.

Thou canst not falter, pilgrim,
On life's declining road,
If through its light and shadow
Thine eye be fixed on God.

†

GIVE God thanks for every weakness, deformity, and imperfection, and accept it as a favor and grace of God, and an instrument to visit pride and to nurse humility; ever remembering, that when God by giving thee a crooked back has also made thy spirit stoop or less vain, thou art more ready to enter the narrow gate of heaven, than by being straight and standing upright, and thinking highly. — JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AT GENEVA.

[Those who love to study the signs of our religious times will be grateful to the friend who has translated for us the following minutes.]

THE Evangelical Alliance of Christians of all lands held its second meeting in Geneva, in Switzerland, in the last September month. It was opened on Monday morning, the 2d of September, by Adrian Naville, in the crowded cathedral of St. Peter, the cradle of the Reformation in Geneva, when all the people, standing, joined in the hymn, "Great God, we praise Thee." After a prayer, the President made an introductory address, first heartily welcoming all who had come there,—the brethren from England, under whose protection the Alliance had risen and prospered; the brethren from France, whose fathers mingled their blood with that of Geneva; those from Germany, land of thought and learning; those from Italy, with their joyful message of the granting of religious freedom; those from America, now sorely tried to the end that all men may become free therein; those from Switzerland, the white cross of whose flag reminds them ever of the cross of the Redeemer; finally, the brethren from all the ends of the earth, come to bear witness that they belong all to one great family.

Then, reminding them that all theological questions were excluded from discussion, and admonishing them to preserve a spirit of peace and of love, he proceeded to allude to the chief religious events of the four years which had elapsed since the meeting at Berlin, and particularly to the labors of the Alliance during this period; the frightful scenes in India, and the heroic sacrifices and acts of love to which they led; the new zeal for the missions which the war awakened, and the establishment of normal schools for the preparation of teachers for India, by the Alliance. At the first news of that deluge of blood which broke over Syria, the English Committee of the Alliance put itself at the head of

the movement for relief. Religious freedom has suffered in many places. In Sweden the Alliance has exerted itself in behalf of those who have suffered from persecution, and attained results which indicate an important progress in toleration. In Spain they have ascertained, beyond a doubt, that public opinion is more in favor of toleration than the Cortes. For the spread of Christian civilization and of the Gospel much has been done by the exploration of Africa and the opening of China and Japan. In Italy, where, nine years ago, the Alliance was obliged to interfere in behalf of the Madiari, the torch of the Gospel is now spreading benignant light. There are to be noticed, also, the religious revivals in America, in Ireland, and elsewhere. And on the other hand, also, the bitter strife at variance with the principles of the Alliance. Finally, he summoned them all to wrestle with the threatening unbelief of the age in the unity of love.

The next speaker, Sir Culling Eardley, President of the English section, related some successes of the Alliance in Asia Minor and Constantinople,—that the Bulgarians were immediately to become independent of the authority of the Greek Patriarch; that Sir Robert Peel had interceded with Parliament for the protection of the persecuted in Spain; that the failure of the efforts in behalf of the child Mortara had contributed more than anything to awaken throughout Christendom a feeling of aversion to the Papal court. The Alliance in England had done much to assist the mission in Turkey, and a committee had been formed for the purpose of carrying negro slaves back to their native land.

Rev. Wilhem Monos, of Paris, expressed his joy at beholding in the native city of Rousseau a gathering of Christians from the land of Voltaire and Gibbon and Friedrich II. So out of every convulsion the Church comes forth always stronger; and the revival of faith,—will it not lead to the unity of the nations?

The court preacher, Krummacher, of Potsdam, explained

the causes of the little sympathy the Alliance has found in Germany,—that it stands charged with endeavoring to undermine the dogmas of the Church, and with want of practical aim ; and, moreover, is supposed to support the principle of absolute religious freedom. He endeavored to refute these prejudices singly, but hoped to find the best answer to all objections in the spirit with which it acted, reminding them of the words of King Friedrich Wilhelm IX. : “ I see in the Alliance something of the future of Christianity.”

Dr. Baird, of New York, remarked that the small number of his countrymen present was owing to the disturbed condition of his country.

In the afternoon Professor Godet, of Neuenburg, read a paper upon the observance of the Lord's day ; that the Sabbath was instituted in order to assure to man the gift of the spiritual life ; that it was not meant merely for rest of the body, but for preparation for the spiritual life for which man was created ; that it is of Divine origin, — neither Socrates nor Plato felt its necessity, — and permanent also, and not done away by the New Covenant ; that it consecrates the week, and so is in harmony with the new economy which proceeds from the calm awakened in the soul by the joy of salvation. Yet love must interpret the law. In this ideal view of the Sabbath it is a day of joy, but experience must instruct us how far that view can be practically carried out. Only among people who honor the Sabbath is there religious life.

Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh, gave an account of the manner in which the Sabbath is kept in Scotland, condemning the caricatures which travellers have given of it, as well as all excessive severity in keeping the day.

In the evening there was preaching in the Lutheran Church, by Hanstein, of Pomerania, and in the French Church by Pressensé of Paris.

The next day, 3d September, the meeting was opened by President Bovet, of Neuenburg. The subject announced for

discussion was, — "Touching the means which wisdom and experience suggest as the only effective cure for the evils under which a considerable part of our several nations labor, springing from immorality and the want of religious life."

The celebrated Professor of History at the Sorbonne, St. Hilaire, read a striking paper upon the characteristics of the peasants and *ouvriers* in France, showing how the Revolution altered their position because it destroyed their agricultural as well as industrial *solidarity*. Upon the peasant it operated through the sale of the national property and the law of equal inheritance; the carrying out of which measures by force has excited hatred, and created two parties; one of which clings to the old institutions, the other maintains the new. The principle of centralization (which Europe does not envy France, since it has been abandoned to the latter) is not in accordance with the principles of the Revolution. The chief vice of the peasant is lust, not for gold, but for land. For the possession of a bit of ground he will sacrifice everything, borrowing money at six per cent to buy it with, when the land will produce only three. A bad year makes him again a day-laborer. Also the law of inheritance has created a mobility in the land; but the eternal principles of human society are stronger than civil institutions. Christ has said, "Ye shall have the poor always with you." In the earth there lies a secret power of cohesion; an eternal synthesis, it scoffs at human analysis. The peasant has fewer noble instincts than the *ouvrier*; the former sins from selfishness, the latter from wantonness. The best peasants are the soldiers, who in military service learn patriotism, devotion to duty, love of regulated liberty. Religion has power over them, but not Catholicism. Their morality is better than that of the *ouvrier*; the family has for the former something of its original sacredness. The instruction of the schools is bad, but the peasant prefers the Protestant schools, where he must pay, to the free Catholic schools. The peasant is more susceptible to religious impressions, since he feels a greater dependence upon God. Thence

the speaker passed to the characteristics of the middle classes. The Revolution has been favorable to industry, but not to the workman. Unwholesome air and nourishment are at the bottom of much of the vice of the artisan. Yet he is not without many good qualities. On the battle-fields of misery he also has been a brave soldier. The cholera time has proved that he is magnanimous, tender, courageous, truthful. What he needs for his elevation is occupation, not alms. He needs peace also, a consciousness of harmony with the world, and he needs literature.

Rev. Mr. Bouvier, of Geneva, considered the same question with reference to French Switzerland; showing as a consequence of democracy the shaking of all ecclesiastical authority, but also religious freedom and tolerance, and truth in religious things. On the other hand, the Revolution has brought an intense social activity and an unbridled immorality. Good works should be, then, for and through the people. The relations of the Gospel to true freedom need to be more particularly set forth.

The third paper on the same subject in relation to Germany, by Dr. Fliedner, of Rhenish Prussia, was not read, for want of time, but ordered to be printed.

Meanwhile the English had a sitting of their own, but we find nothing of interest reported from it.

The next day, 4th September, the subject for discussion in the morning was the critical consideration of the present scepticism in France. Ernst Raville, Professor of Philosophy and Theology in Geneva, the author of several works, but especially known of late by his celebrated discourses upon eternal life, was the chief speaker. In a thoughtful paper, he contrasted the permitted philosophical doubt of Socrates or Des Cartes flowing from belief in truth, with the scepticism which despairs of truth and declares the vanity of all seeking. The sceptic no longer resembles a Pyrrhon, denying matter; for to-day all believe in matter, in the knowledge which illustrates it, and in the industry which uses it. The dangerous scepticism is that which admits the facts of material, visible

nature, but denies every higher investigation. The source of it lies in the present state of politics, religion, and literature. The convulsions of the Revolution, the fitful career of the first Napoleon, the ever-increasing disease of diplomacy, the justification of the most wretched falsehoods by the success of the *fait accompli*, the banishment of all morality from politics, have led astray the consciences of men. The leaders of a nation do not appreciate the evil they do to mankind when in their great deeds they trample under foot the moral law. Thus the politics of the age have furthered its scepticism. Religion itself has been compromised by its triumph. The clergy of the eighteenth century afford a scandalous example of the way in which religion may be used as a tool of power and wealth. With the new awakening of religious life there came also controversy, about collateral questions, — which is one of the chief supports of scepticism. The principle of authority builds itself on the ruins of reason. Freedom without faith leads to the same end. France is full of admirers of the maxim of Lessing, or of that ascribed to Lessing,* that the investigation of truth is to be preferred to its possession; for that makes obedience a duty, and false freedom will not know duties. Faith yearns for an ideal unity. In literature, it is journalism more than anything which furthers scepticism. The periodicals are open to discussion of everything, good and bad. Our journalism is like a new Carneades, but the Catos are wanting. So also science furthers scepticism. In the study of history, the unity of its course is lost sight of, and the admonition of the Eternal ever dwelling in religion is forgotten. Natural science lifts itself to the starry heavens, an invisible world does not exist for it. What lies beyond demonstrated truth is to it only a chimera. Philosophy recognizes, instead of unity,

* Lessing's words were: "If God held shut up in his right hand all truth, and in his left hand only the one ever-active passion for truth, although with the addition that I was always and forever to err, and said to me choose, I should fall humbly upon his left hand, and say, Father, give me this! The pure truth is for Thee alone."

only a collection of material facts; instead of raising itself to the highest source, it stands among laws. It feels the necessity of faith, and bows to Being. Heraclites did that long ago. The contradiction of Des Cartes, who in his very doubting presupposes an act of belief, forms the chief weapon against scepticism. Conscience is a fact, — without God, an inexplicable mystery.

Rev. Mr. Bastie, of Paris, regarded scepticism in France as a national disease. He lamented the predominance of material tendencies especially in the family life, luxury, the triviality of thought and feeling, effeminacy, lack of character, the effacing of differences, and of local custom, and the reduction of society to one monotonous level. One believes in nobody because one believes in nothing. One doubts now, first persons, then things. The religion of France is not Catholicism, but Deism. The Gospel lifts us to the Invisible, teaches us to despise sensual pleasures, and to follow the Ideal realized in Christ. The only means of bringing conscience into possession of itself is by the entire separation of Church and State.

The President here interrupted the speaker, as the rules prohibited touching upon such matters.

Rev. Mr. Chantegin de la Soussaye, of Leyden, spoke of the scepticism of men who have sympathy for religion, but cannot admit the supernatural. He respected those persons, and would have Christ brought to their consciences without external authority, and so awaken a love for him and a feeling of their own guilt and need of redemption. It is not given to every one to go out over the waters toward Christ. It needs time to take so many fishes in the nets. Those who stand upon the banks must wait patiently.

The subject for discussion in the afternoon was Israel and Christ. Dr. Capadoce, of the Hague, read a paper, the report of which is far from clear to us. We gather only that one of the chief functions of Israel is to assist in the settlement of the Eastern Question.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE TRIALS AND VICTORIES OF WINNIE HARWOOD.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

CHAPTER I.

WINNIE HARWOOD sat by her mother, one Sunday morning, reading the "Beatitudes" of our Saviour. "Mamma," said she, "what does this mean? I wish you would explain it to me. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"The 'poor in spirit,' my dear," answered her mother, "are the humble. It is the doctrine of humility that our Lord here teaches. Humility, you know, is called the 'crowning grace.' And our Saviour blesses the humble first of all."

"But what," asked Winnie, "does it mean, that theirs is the kingdom of heaven?"

"It means," said her mother, "the consciousness of the love and forgiving grace of our Heavenly Father, even in this world, which those who do his will and love him have within their souls; and the blessed possession of his nearer presence which we are promised in his kingdom hereafter. Jesus was preaching to the proud Jews, who thought they were the only people whom God loved, and that all other nations were 'Gentiles,' aliens from the kingdom of heaven. The first whom Jesus blesses are the 'poor in spirit.' This must have seemed strange doctrine to them, coming from the lips of one who claimed to be their promised Messiah and king; who was to be the 'Glory of Israel'; who was to lead their armies forth to conquer the whole earth, and reign at 'Jerusalem, the city of the great king.' The conceited, self-righteous Pharisee and the sneering Sadducee must have felt the rebuke, and undoubtedly resented it in their hearts. A humble, teachable spirit we all must acquire, if we would be

followers of the 'lowly Jesus,' and you must guard against the first risings of pride and self-satisfaction within your heart. Nothing but watchfulness and prayer, my dear child, will ever enable you to be truly humble."

Winnie sat long silent and thoughtful, pondering upon her mother's words. At length she arose to dress herself for Sunday school, resolving, as she laid down her Bible, that she would, with God's help, attain the blessing.

But resolves are more easily made than kept. The next day at school Winnie was the only scholar in her class who had her lesson perfectly. She always honestly tried to learn her lessons, and seldom had faulty recitations, and this day her propositions in geometry were the only ones in the class which were correctly performed, and the flattering praises of her teacher were too much for Winnie's vanity. In recess her classmate and friend, Rose Clarke, asked her how to do them. With a look and manner of conscious superiority, she began her explanations. Rose felt her manner very keenly, for it seemed to say, "How awfully stupid you must be not to know how to do anything so simple!"

Just then Kate Murray, a wild, gay girl, who seldom had her lessons, and never seemed to care if she did not, came along, and heard Winnie's tones of superiority, and saw Rose's mortified look, and her generous heart was touched.

"What a fine thing, to be sure," said Kate, "it is to have one's lesson correctly! No one else ever had a perfect recitation, I suppose. So, Miss Wiseacre, you can afford to be generous, and give of your abundant wisdom some little to poor Rose. If I were Rose, I would not stay to listen to you. She is not a fool, and could learn her lesson herself, with the help that Mr. Rogers has given her in the class."

This was not the best way to subdue Winnie's pride; but Kate did not think nor care about that. She only heard Winnie's provoking tones, and saw the mortification which Rose could not help showing, and her generous nature always made her take the part of the injured. She was the pet of

the school, she was always so happy and good-natured ; even Mr. Rogers could never feel long displeased with her, in spite of her laziness. The color came into Winnie's cheeks, and her eyes flashed, as, with a scornful look, she turned away, saying : " Perhaps you can teach her better yourself, Miss Kate ; I resign my office to you."

Kate felt the taunt, for she, too, had failed in the lesson.

" Well," said she, " those pattern girls can be ill-natured enough sometimes. Come, Rose," said she, putting her arm around her waist, " come, let's see if we can't find it out together."

Rose was nearly crying, and she felt the kindness of her rough but good-natured friend very much. So she gathered up her papers, with all their uncouth angles and circles upon them, and went with Kate to her seat. Winnie had given her the clew to the mystery, and they soon had found out all the answers. They talked together after the lesson was learned, and had quite a merry time, and forgot all about their troubles.

At length Kate said : " Well, I would not have believed it possible that Winnie could have acted so unkindly. But she did feel so proud of being the only one in the class who had her lessons perfectly."

" She is always vain of her acquirements, I think," said Rose ; " but, you know, Mr. Rogers praises her so much, it is no wonder."

" Well, I suppose I was to blame too, to speak to her as I did. But I could not help it ; she did provoke me so with her air of condescension. And there sat poor you, as meek as a lamb, submitting to it all. Well, I don't care ! She shall know I don't bow to her superiority, at any rate."

Winnie had walked off in dignified silence to her seat. She tried to brave it out, and to think herself the injured party ; but it would not do. Something kept telling her that she was in the wrong. " If it had not been for that fiery-tempered Kate," she thought, " all would have gone

right. It was none of her business. Miss Impertinence! I wish she had been farther." But her conscience kept repeating the words of the beatitude, and brought her to a right view of her actions. Surely she had not shown herself poor in spirit. Humility was not her virtue; that "crowning grace" she did not possess. Subdued and unhappy, she gathered up her books and dressed for home. All along her lonely road, which had never been lonely before, for some one or more of the girls always were with her, the holy words rung in her ears.

Mrs. Harwood saw that something was wrong, but waited for her daughter to tell her what it was. At the evening service, when her father prayed that each and all of them might have a humble, teachable spirit, she was quite overcome with contrition, and could hardly keep from sobbing aloud. Where now were her good resolutions of yesterday? All broken and vanished! She stood even lower than before. She had meant to be good; fully intended to be humble; and this was all it had come to. What should she do? The fact of the case was, that she had not thought that she must try, and struggle, and fight, even with temptation, before she could conquer, and she was entirely discouraged at the outset. When she arose from her knees, she could not disguise the fact that she was crying.

"What is the matter, my daughter?" asked her father. "Come here to me, my dear, and tell me what it is that troubles you so much?"

She went, and, laying her head upon his shoulder, sobbed out, "O father, I have been so wicked to-day, when I meant to have been so good!"

"In what way, my dear?" asked her father.

"Yesterday," she said, "I had the beatitudes for my Sunday lesson; and mother explained the first one to me, and I thought I would try and be humble and good, as God would have me to be, and when I went to bed I made a resolution to curb my temper and pride in future. But at the first

temptation, I yielded. To-day I was the only girl in the class who had her geometry lesson right. Mr. Rogers praised and flattered me, and that made me vain. Rose Clarke came and asked me to explain the lesson to her, and I began in a manner to make her feel my superiority and her stupidity. You know, mother, how gentle she is ; well, she was trying to do one of the propositions, and I was explaining it, when Kate Murray came by and saw us. She said such bitter, taunting words to me, that I answered her back, and left Rose, saying, as I went, that Kate might teach her herself. Kate never has her lessons perfect, but, somehow, they puzzled it out between them, and I heard Kate say, 'There, that is all right now. Why did n't we find it out before.' I was very angry, and felt myself the injured party. But all at once something seemed to whisper to me, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' and I saw what I had been guilty of. But what shall I do ? I am so proud and high-tempered that I shall never be humble," and her tears ran afresh.

"Not all at once, my dear," said her father ; "no one is perfect at once. It is only by striving day by day, only by fighting heroically with our temptations, that we can conquer. And remember that in your own strength you can never prevail. You must pray constantly to your Heavenly Father to help you with his Holy Spirit ; and always try to be a true disciple of that Saviour who was himself the purest pattern of this, as of every other virtue. Take courage, my dear Winnie, and remember who has promised that no one shall call upon him in vain. It is something that you feel that you have not made so much as a beginning. The 'poor in spirit,' like the Apostle Paul, never feel that they have attained the wished for height in goodness, but 'are always pressing on toward the mark of their high calling in Christ Jesus.' No man liveth and sinneth not ; and our whole life must be a struggle with temptation. And none but the humble have the victory, for you know to them is promised 'the kingdom of heaven.'"

"And my being wicked made Kate so too," said Winnie; "for it is only when she thinks that some one else is injured that she is ever angry. I know she will feel sorry for what she said. But I feel so bad to think that I treated dear Rose so unkindly," and she broke out crying again bitterly.

"There is one greater whom you have offended against," said her mother; "try and make your peace with your Heavenly Father, and to-morrow ask Kate and Rose to forgive you."

Winnie knelt by her bedside that night, and humbly prayed to be forgiven, and that she might truly become a disciple of Jesus. She formed no more proud resolutions, but for a time, at least, she was "poor in spirit."

Next day Winnie did not forget to make peace with her two friends. When Rose came in she went up to her, and, putting her arm around her neck, asked her to forgive her unkindness to her the day before. Rose looked at her with astonishment, but she knew by her quivering lips and glistening eyes that Winnie was in earnest, and she said: "Certainly, I will forgive you, Winnie. I did feel hurt and offended yesterday, but I have got all over that now." So Rose kissed her penitent friend, and they went to study together, and Winnie helped Rose in a better spirit than before.

In a few minutes Kate came in, and saw them studying together, and she sneeringly said: "So, Miss Wisdom, you are teaching our stupid Rose again. If I were Rose, I would not listen to you, if I never knew anything."

Winnie felt her temper rising at the unjust taunt, but she tried to subdue it, and she turned to Kate, with a flushed face and trembling voice, and said: "Will you not forgive me, dear Kate, for treating you as I did yesterday?"

Kate stared at her for an instant without answering, but perceiving that Winnie was in earnest, she held out her hand to her, and said: "Why, yes indeed; to be sure I will. Forgive and forget, you know." And she seated herself beside the two girls, and began studying her algebra with them.

All that day Winnie was gentle and humble. Once Mr. Rogers praised her prompt answers, but her look of pained confusion struck him, and he said no more. But "one swallow does not make a summer," quoted Wallace Barclay from Aunt Becky's proverbs, and so Winnie found. A feeling of satisfaction came over her that night, as she reviewed the day, that she had subdued her anger, vanity, and pride. Ah! she was no longer humble; she thought she had attained.

Several weeks passed by, with all their little trials of faith and patience, and sometimes the proud spirit had the victory, and sometimes a sense of her shortcomings was uppermost. After any outbreak of her failings, she would be really repentant and discouraged; but her mother tried to encourage her to persevere, and to remember that the promise is to "those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory and immortality."

Winnie was high-spirited, but tender and affectionate, with a world of love in her heart for parents, brothers and sisters, and friends. Just one of those dispositions which, when they are subjected to the will of God, make the most charming characters, from the strength and energy they possess, and the freshness and ardor with which they enter into every good work.

But Winnie was far enough from being "poor in spirit" yet. A new trial awaited her. Her little brother Frank was sick, cutting his teeth, and very fretful and hard to be pleased, and Winnie tended him, and humored all his little whims very patiently and sweetly for a time. But one day she overheard a lady say to her mother, "What a treasure you possess in Winnie! Not many girls of her age would be willing to give up their pleasure with their friends to tend a little fractious baby."

Immediately a feeling of self-complacency arose in Winnie's heart. She thought of how Rose Clarke, good as she always seemed, had left her sick mother to go to a party; and of

other girls who had done the same, and contrasted her conduct with theirs. With the spirit of the Pharisee, she thanked God she was not selfish like other girls. She dwelt a long time upon the praises of Mrs. Grey. They flattered her vanity. Ah! how easy it is for the tempter to find out our weak points! Winnie had no idea that she was vain. If Mrs. Grey had praised her beautiful brown eyes, or soft curling hair, she would have taken it all as flattery, and never remembered it. But to be praised for being good, — better than other girls, — this was the one thing she liked; and the subtilty of the temptation made it the harder to resist. “Blessed are the poor in spirit,” was now drowned in the louder cry of “What a treasure is your Winnie!”

But it is impossible to harbor sin in our hearts, and not feel its effects. She still took care of Frank; but, somehow, her pleasure in it was all gone. She was fretful and impatient herself, and felt it a trouble to change his place and playthings every five minutes; and she would often exclaim, “O, how cross you are, Frank!” feeling as cross herself. She knew something was wrong, but what it was she could not tell. In looking over her conduct each day, she could see no fault. She had been studious at school, and at home had tried to do all her duties; but for some reason all her satisfaction in it was gone.

One day Frank was more than usually fretful. She tried everything to please him, but all in vain. At last, in a fit of fretfulness equal to his own, she set him down with violence into her lap, and crossly bade him to be still! Of course, this only made him cry the louder. His screams brought his mother, who, on entering the room, was surprised to see Winnie’s angry face.

“Why, Winnie,” said she, “are you angry with your poor, suffering little brother?”

He held out his little hands to his mother, who took him, and soothed him.

Without one word of excuse, Winnie went to her own

room, and took up a book and tried to read. But her mind wandered off from the page. She felt wholly out of spirits. What was the matter she could not tell. She wondered why she felt so cross with her baby brother, and so impatient at every trifle. She remembered how much pleasure she used to take humoring all Frank's little whims, and lightening her mother's cares; and now nothing pleased her, and she had grown worse and worse for days. As she sat there pondering upon her feelings, all at once came the words of the Saviour, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." "Behold! I stand at the door and knock," said our Lord, and she opened the door of her heart, and let him enter. Instantly all was clear to her mind; she had grown proud in spirit, self-satisfied, and self-praising. It was "to be seen of men" that she had been doing her duties, and not for love of God. And she had her reward. But O how unsatisfactory was all such praise! Astonished and severely distressed, she hid her face in her hands and groaned aloud. Even the solace of tears was denied her for a time.

"O, how selfish I am!" she thought; "how unkind I have been to my dear, patient mother, and poor, sick Frank! O, I shall never, never be good, never be humble. O, why did God give me so proud and selfish a nature? Why was I not naturally gentle, like dear sister Anna? It is easier for her to be good than for me. I see now why mother has asked her to do things for her lately, instead of me. Because Anna was kind for the sake of being kind, and not for vainglory, as I am."

M. N. A.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RANDOM READINGS.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST THE TABERNACLE OF GOD.

THE whole of St. John's golden Gospel is an answer to the Hebrew monarch's question, "*But will God indeed dwell on the earth?*" And what a glorious answer it is! Read it again and again, all who would know the reality of the Word and the absoluteness of our religion, coming forth as it did and does from the bosom of the Father. Learn to pray as a Christian, if you would find in prayer anything more than a revery or a formality, if you would know that you are heard and answered, and that the mighty help and the sweet grace of God are indeed your portion for every day and hour and moment of duty and patience. Pray as a Christian, and it shall be no piece of rhetoric to call your God "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Suffer us whilst we set down a prayer of the reconciled, a prayer from a heart that has received the atonement.

A PRAYER TO GOD IN CHRIST.

"And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation, to wit, that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them, and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation." — ST. PAUL.

"Word of the everlasting God!
Will of his glorious Son!
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?"

And wilt thou, O God, indeed dwell amongst men? Wilt thou indeed come to us, O our Father, bowing thine heavens, entering into our poor earthly limitations and our conditions so often evil and sad? Have we in very deed an Enlightener, Guide, and Comforter, one who doth speak divine words with a human voice, and say to us, Come to me, O my poor child, and be at rest, and let all thy fears be at an end? O God, we thank thee for thy sweet and encouraging answer to our heart's deepest question in the

Word made flesh. Not only in sun and star, not only in the birds of the air and the flowers of the field, do we discern the going forth of thy Word; it comes to us by the lips of prophets, speaking from thee; it comes to us in the life of the Lord of all; it comes to us through thy Church, which in all ages bears thy spirit in her bosom, and is evermore the living and enlarging tabernacle of God! How sweet to be enlightened and comforted of thee,—to take no counsel of flesh and blood, but only of thee,—to have for our ever-present friend the Spirit that proceedeth from the Father and the Son,—to realize within our own being that adorable mystery of the Father and the Son at one in the fellowship of the Spirit! O blessed union! May it not be a perplexity to our understanding, but a verity and a joy to our hearts! Art thou not near us, O God in Christ? Art thou not within us? Are we not in thee? In thee is life, and we share it, and thou art the light of men! We dwelt once in night and darkness, the whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint; but the dayspring has visited us and the shadows are fled, and our feet walk in the ways of peace. May the Son reveal the Father unto us! May the Father draw us unto the Son. May the Word dwell in us richly, even the fulness of the Divine love! May grace be multiplied upon us from thee and from thy Son! May the Word evermore be made flesh! May the Bread of God evermore come down from heaven and give life to the world! Let Him not take upon him the nature of angels, but be found ever in fashion as a man; so shall we be lifted above all our sins and miseries, and sit down even with our dear Redeemer and Lord upon the throne of his glory. Amen! Even so, come, Lord Jesus! E.

LEAVES FROM A BOOK OF PRAYERS.

FOR THE MORNING.

GOD over all, forever blessed! the new light of this new day is from thee, and as it shines about us we would come into thy presence, O thou everlasting Father and Friend. Meet us in our coming, we pray thee, and out of thine abounding grace in Christ Jesus minister to our heart's necessities. Thou seest what we are. Our foolishness and our sins are known to thee, and even to us, blind and wayward as we are, they are grievous and reproachful. We would

confess them and forsake them. Let them not hinder our coming to thee, but may we have entire faith in that most tender love which looks out upon us through the face of the Lord Jesus and saith unto us by his lips, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." O thou blessed Spirit of power and goodness! help us this day to keep thy commandments. Enlarge our hearts unto those high measures of fidelity and patience and charity! May we worship and do thy sweet and holy will. Let that which is perfect come within us, and that which is in part shall be done away! Reconcile us unto thyself! Plant in our hearts, we beseech thee, the cross of thy dear Son, that we may suffer and die and rise with him this very day, and, gladly accepting our portion in the Lord's affliction, may come at last to share his heavenly seat and his glorious crown. May we be born of water and of the spirit! May we be saved henceforth from everything evil and unlovely! Thy grace, O Lord, shall be sufficient for us, and we will strive to lay hold of thy strong and gentle hand, and though our steps should falter for a moment, thou wilt hold us up in thy paths. Make this day a day of love and faithfulness; — love in our hearts and in our household; faithfulness in all that our lips find to utter, in all that our hands find to do. May those who are dear to our hearts be enriched with the frequency of the Holy Spirit, and with the treasures that are laid up in heaven, until we shall all come in the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, for whom we thank thee and in whom we adore and bless thee.

FOR THE EVENING.

DEAR Father in Heaven! Thy strong and gentle hand hath led us during another of thy days, and our hearts are drawn to thee in thankful acknowledgments of thy sweet grace. Bless the Lord, O our souls! How thy mercies have been multiplied upon us as we have gone about in thy strength and under thy large and loving Providence, and with endeavors to obey thee, to serve our brethren and friends, and to do the nearest duty. O Lord, we know that every labor of love, even the least, is remembered by thee, and if we have been permitted this day to do the humblest work in the spirit of our dear Lord and Saviour, we bless thee, our soul's Light and Life, we thank thee that we have been suffered to share in any meas-

ure with Him who hath redeemed us, and is calling us with a heavenly calling. Help us to live nearer to thee, and in a better obedience! If at any time we have failed to heed thy summons, and have gone away to please ourselves, may we heartily repent, and be found henceforth in thy vineyard, laboring in his service, and for the love of him who said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." May our light so shine before men that they, seeing our good works, may glorify thee, and follow us in our following of Christ. In all humility, and deeply sensible of our unworthiness, we do pray that we may show forth and complete our faith by our works. O God, let us never forget that the night cometh in which no man can work! Guardian of our bodies and of our souls, we commend ourselves to thy watchful care during the hours of darkness and of slumber. Thou sendest sleep to thy beloved, that they may serve thee the better when the sun shall again shine upon our pathways. May we rest only that we may the more earnestly labor! In the arms of thy dear Christ may the souls of our loved ones repose. Shield them from all harm, even from the very thought of evil, and when days and nights shall all be ended, pour upon us of the light of that sun which shall never more go down, and may he who is in the midst of the throne ever more lead us and feed us, and unto thy great name, O thou Father of the Christ, shall be the glory!

FOR THE MORNING.

O LORD, may thy presence be with us, — even thy sufficient grace and the fulness of thine Holy Spirit! May we be rooted and grounded only in thee! May we find that rest which is theirs who cease from their own labors, and suffer thee to work in them both to will and to do. We know, Father, that in this world we must have care and tribulation, that we must often bear heavy burdens and great sorrow of heart, but thou art sufficient. In thee and in thy Son we shall have peace! May we believe in thee; may we believe in thy Son! Why are we ever estranged from this mysterious and holy and sweet and saving fellowship? Why do we ask for this and for that, when our eyes might behold the King in his divine beauty, when we might hear that encouraging voice out of the heavens, and feed upon the true manna which nourishes the soul unto everlasting life? How foolish are our fears, how selfish are many of our anxieties and griefs, how childish our complainings! Teach us, Father

and we shall be at peace. Come and dwell in us through the dear Saviour and Mediator, and then every day shall be a day of prayer and faith and obedience, and we shall run gladly in the way of thy commandments, and it shall be our privilege to do and bear thy will. May our home be filled with thy presence, and glad and beautiful with the light from our Father's face. We know not, O Lord, what is before us and ours this day, but we do know that thou art with us, that thou compasses ever more our path, that thou givest us the true bread, and the water which satisfies our thirst. Give us this bread to-day. Give it to our loved ones, we beseech thee! Follow them and all who are dear to us with thy grace, and with all Gospel benedictions, and may the heavens draw nearer to the earth every day, and as we journey below, may we hear the sweet bells of the heavenly city, and, beholding as in a glass the glory of our Lord, may we be changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord. So consecrate and gladden these new hours through Him who dwelleth ever more in the Father's bosom. Amen!

FOR THE EVENING.

OUR Heavenly Father, the labors of the day are ended, and in thy loving providence we are drawing near to the hours of rest. We seek the shelter of thine arms. When we are sinking into unconsciousness, we feel more than ever that we live encompassed by mystery, and that we can only trust in the All-wise and the All-merciful. Father, let there be nothing between our souls and thee. We would surrender our all, our most precious treasure, into the keeping of the Mighty and Gracious God. If we are keeping back anything, may we keep it back no longer! In times past, we have too often brought unto thee only half our hearts and half our possessions, and so we have had no peace; and when the shades of night have gathered about us, we have been cast down, and disquieted, and fearful, we have taken anxious thought for the morrow, and have not gloried in our cross, or rejoiced in the fellowship of the Lord's sufferings. Save us henceforth, dear Father, from our foolishness and our wickedness! May we choose thee for our portion, and the life of thy dear Son for our life, that we may have him with us henceforth in the house of feasting and the house of mourning, and break bread with him in the kingdom of God which he has established on earth. O Lord, we know that if we keep back anything it is to our

great loss; that if in one point we fail in trusting loyalty, we fail in all; knowing these things, may we do them! Come, O thou guiding and gracious Spirit, and fill, warm, and satisfy our hearts! May our eyes be open to behold thee, the Supreme Beauty. Too late have we learned to love thee, and yet not too late, for thou art infinite in compassion and wonderful in all thy ways, and thou regardest not the sinner of yesterday, but the penitent and loving child who seeks thee now, prostrate at the feet of the ever-blessed Mediator. O dear God and Father, make us wholly thine! May we have no thoughts but thy precious thoughts! May we love no child, no creature, of thine, save in thee, O Thou who art infinitely lovely, the Beginning and End of all perfection! Let thy hand rest upon us! From thy hand none shall be able to pluck us! May we love thee! May we have this proof of thy love, and that thou hast called us, and that nothing henceforth shall be able to separate us from thee! So, Father, may we live and die! It is our prayer in Him who never did his own will or sought his own glory: blessed be thy Holy Name for his coming to our hearts! Amen!

E.

THE CIVIL WARS AND OLIVER CROMWELL.

WE recur in our times with especial interest to the story of England's great struggle, and to the lives of the great men who took conspicuous parts in it, especially to the life of one of her greatest and best men, we mean Oliver Cromwell. Here is one of the Protector's sayings, which witnesses for the want of system in his ambition, and places him before us as a Providential Man. "He said to me one day," testifies the First President of the Parliament of Paris, M. de Bellièvre, "*that one never mounted so high as one did not know where one was going.*" A French cardinal, not without a very systematic ambition, remarking upon this, tells us, "If that be his opinion, he seems to me to be a fool."

What was his persuasion (if indeed it was his persuasion) that it is not possible for those who have been once in a state of grace to fall from it, but the conviction of a profoundly religious soul that the hand of the Father was upon him, and that none would be able to pluck him out of the Father's hand?

Many things we might cull out of the books concerning this same Cromwell which evince at once his earnestness and his breadth. We

all know how he anticipated toleration in England ; witness his proposition for a synod to bring the different sects together, for "insuring a complete legal toleration to the Jews, and for receiving in England even a Bishop of the Church of Rome to preside over the religious communion of the Catholics." "It will be found," he said, "an unwise and an unjust jealousy to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he does abuse it, judge." And yet, when one persisted in disregarding a previous warning, and was persisting with foolish obstinacy in a way sure to result in disorders, and to give great offence to an unsympathizing neighborhood, he took the only practical step, doubtless to his own infinite refreshment, suppressing, nay, extinguishing, the Rev. Mr. Hitch, who was "performing" the choir service in Ely cathedral, with a peremptory "Leave off your fooling, and come down, sir!" — so ridding himself and the rest of an intolerable nuisance, and relieving the church of the reverend man, with his singing, intoning, and what not. Pity he ever got back again! "*A larger soul, I think, hath seldom dwelt in a house of clay than his was.*" His valet's testimony ; think of that ! O for one day of his Ironsides, men of religion to cope with men who boast of their chivalry !

E.

MILTON UPON THE ARMY OF THE ENGLISH COMMONWEALTH.

"OTHER camps are the scenes of gambling, riot, and debauchery ; in ours, the troops employ what leisure they have in searching the Scriptures and hearing the word ; nor is there one who thinks it more honorable to vanquish the enemy than to propagate the truth ; and they not only carry on a military warfare against their enemies, but an evangelical one against themselves. And, indeed, if we consider the proper objects of war, what employment can be more becoming soldiers, who are raised to defend the laws, to be the support of our political and religious institutions ? Ought they not then to be less conspicuous for ferocity than for the civil and softer virtues, and to consider it as their true and proper destination, not merely to sow the seeds of strife, and reap the harvest of destruction, but to procure peace and security for the whole human race ?"

Surely a good paragraph for the soldiers of the army of the United States. Wars will be waged to some good purpose when they are carried on by men such as Milton describes, and though, as in the

case of the English Commonwealth, the end may not be reached at first, the nation which is so served will be brought a step nearer to a final settlement upon the true and everlasting foundations.

E.

TELL HIM TO PUT IT THROUGH.

AMONG some documents sent in to the Senate, and brought forward in the debate as to the right of Mr. Lane of Kansas to a seat in that body after being appointed Brigadier-General, there was read a very characteristic note from the President. Mr. Lincoln's earnest injunction, "not to be writing or telegraphing back, but to put it through," is good. The note is as follows:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, June 20, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR:— Since you spoke to me yesterday about General J. H. Lane of Kansas, I have been reflecting upon the subject, and have concluded that we need the service of such a man out there at once; that we had better appoint him a brigadier-general of volunteers to-day, and send him off with such authority to raise a force (I think two regiments better than three, but as to this I am not particular) as you think will get him into actual work quickest. Tell him when he starts to put it through, — not to be writing or telegraphing back here, but put it through.

"Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN."

Here is the poetry of the President's laconics from the *Boston Transcript*:—

"PUT IT THROUGH."

"Put it through! not write or telegraph back here; but put it through."— Abraham Lincoln's Instructions for General Lane.

"Put it through!" Right, good Abraham, put it through.

Just what you ordered Lane is asked of you.

Chosen alone to do a certain task,

Go straight about it. Never turn to ask

What this or that one bids or begs you do.

Unto the work, the work alone, be true.

Be led by none. Men change for gold or power,

Sway in the passions of the transient hour,

Hold fast the helm. Keep the pole star in sight;

Turn not. Fear not. Trust truth. Trust God, the right.

Heed your own counsel, in your sacred place.

Not parties, men, or States lead on the race;

Your country calls; the world is calling, too.

Good Abraham, turn not back, but put it through.

LIBERTAS.

DANIEL FOE, AFTERWARDS DANIEL DE FOE.

A FACT FOR THE BOYS.

DANIEL DE FOE by the age of *eleven* had "worked like a horse till he had written out the whole *Pentateuch*," fearing that Popish governors would again take the Bible from the people. We wish that we felt sure that all our young readers could tell us what part of the Bible the *Pentateuch* is. The promise of youth was kept in manhood. De Foe was one of the wisest, bravest, and best of men, and a huge favorite with the people. When he was set in the pillory for the truth's sake, the multitude, instead of pelting him with filth, showered flowers upon the stocks, whilst they passed from hand to hand his hymn to the old instrument of punishment.

"Tell them the men that placed him here
Are scandals to the times;
Are at a loss to find his guilt,
And can't commit his crimes."*

E.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Tragedy of Errors. "Aux plus déshérités le plus d'amour." Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.—"True poets," writes Milton, in his "Second Defence of the People of England," "are the objects of my reverence and my love, and the constant sources of my delight. I know that the most of them, from the earliest times to those of Buchanan [*not the ex-President of the U. S. A.*—ED.], have been the strenuous enemies of despotism; but these peddlers and milliners of verse who can bear?" The author of the "Tragedy of Errors" belongs to the class of "true poets," and the words of one of the greatest of them are fulfilled. It would be easy, and as disagreeable as easy, to anticipate the criticism of not a few persons whose prejudices against our subject race would lead them to regard this poem as simply absurd. How ridiculous, they will say, to attribute such fine sentiments to Africans, and to put such words into their mouths! Let them read the introductory book,—the

* See Historical and Biographical Essays by John Forster, or Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1845.

"Record of an Obscure Man,"—and perhaps they will learn to think more highly of those same degraded Africans, and will admit that much of what we call our knowledge of these people is rather our ignorance. Besides, if those who should know can be trusted, the slave population of our country must have entered by this time upon a pretty large inheritance of intellectual power from the dominant race. This "Tragedy" will not be enjoyed by the large class of readers who ask for condiments instead of bread, and delight themselves in the abundance of the intensest, and yet the feeblest adjectives, and can see no beauty in simplicity, and must have even gold and silver embossed, and even velvet embroidered; but it will be appreciated by another class (not small we hope) of persons who are refreshed and nourished by noble thoughts, and true, deep, pure feeling, uttered in words simple, but well chosen and eloquent. We do not know where to look for a poem so thoroughly Christian in its spirit. It occupies a much higher plane than the meditative verses of Wordsworth, and opens for us visions of a nobler earthly life than he illustrates, whilst it does not weary us with platitudes, which certainly are not wanting in the lines of the poet of Rydal Mount. Where will you find a lovelier picture of one of the unknown and virtuous, who do good, hoping for nothing again, than that which "Alice" gives us in her testimony to the true-hearted and devoted mother? And where will you find one who has felt so strongly the injustice done to the colored race, and yet has kept so free from bitterness and wrath as the author of this poem?

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrimabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

The "sacred poet," seer, and singer at once, will not be wanting to the African. E.

Spare Hours. By JOHN BROWN, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1862.—We avail ourselves of a fresh issue of this book to commend its rich contents to our readers. It will prove an admirable companion volume to the "Essays by a Country Parson," and will be all the more interesting because its wealth has been drawn from another, and, we may add without offence, a richer vein. We have found especial satisfaction in the pleasant pictures of the clergy

of Scotland which Dr. Brown paints with a hand so skilful and loving. They afford evidence, if any is needed, of the change for the better which has passed over the Scotch Presbyterian Church during the last half-century. The article on "The Remains of Arthur H. Hallam" is full of interesting matter. Of the author's sympathizing appreciation of animal ethics and sentiment it is too late in the day to write anything. E.

The Seven Sons of Mammon. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA, Author of a "Journey Due North," &c. Three English volumes in one. Boston: Published by T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1862.—We made acquaintance with the "Journey Due North" in Household Words, and found the Northern traveller an exceedingly entertaining and instructive companion. Sala is no mean discernor of spirits, and is able to describe what he discerns. He has drawn and colored a quite remarkable picture of modern English civilization, and of the men and women who rejoice and suffer, who toil eagerly and lovingly or plod wearily in the crowded island which our fathers loved. It was fitting that *Mammon* should be the Father,—for what is the "Almighty Dollar" that has so often been cast into our faces compared with the everlasting Pound? Sala does not write bitterly, and he believes in the possibility of repentance and in the infinite love of God in Christ. If you will open his book, you will not be disappointed. E.

Prayers. By THEODORE PARKER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1862.—This will be a very acceptable volume to Mr. Parker's friends and parishioners. We cannot criticise the words which the soul pours out before God. E.

WE desire to acknowledge here the receipt of a very interesting pamphlet, entitled, "The First Unitarian Church of Buffalo: its History and Progress. Rev. Dr. Hosmer's Quarter Centennial Discourses: The Parish—The Pulpit. An Account of the Quarter Centennial Celebration, on Wednesday Evening, October 16, 1861." Dr. Hosmer has given himself "body, soul, and spirit" to the work of the Gospel ministry in the highest, largest, and best sense, and his reward has been great. It was our good fortune to be his nearest neighbor in the work of the Church at one time, and we love to speak his praises. E.